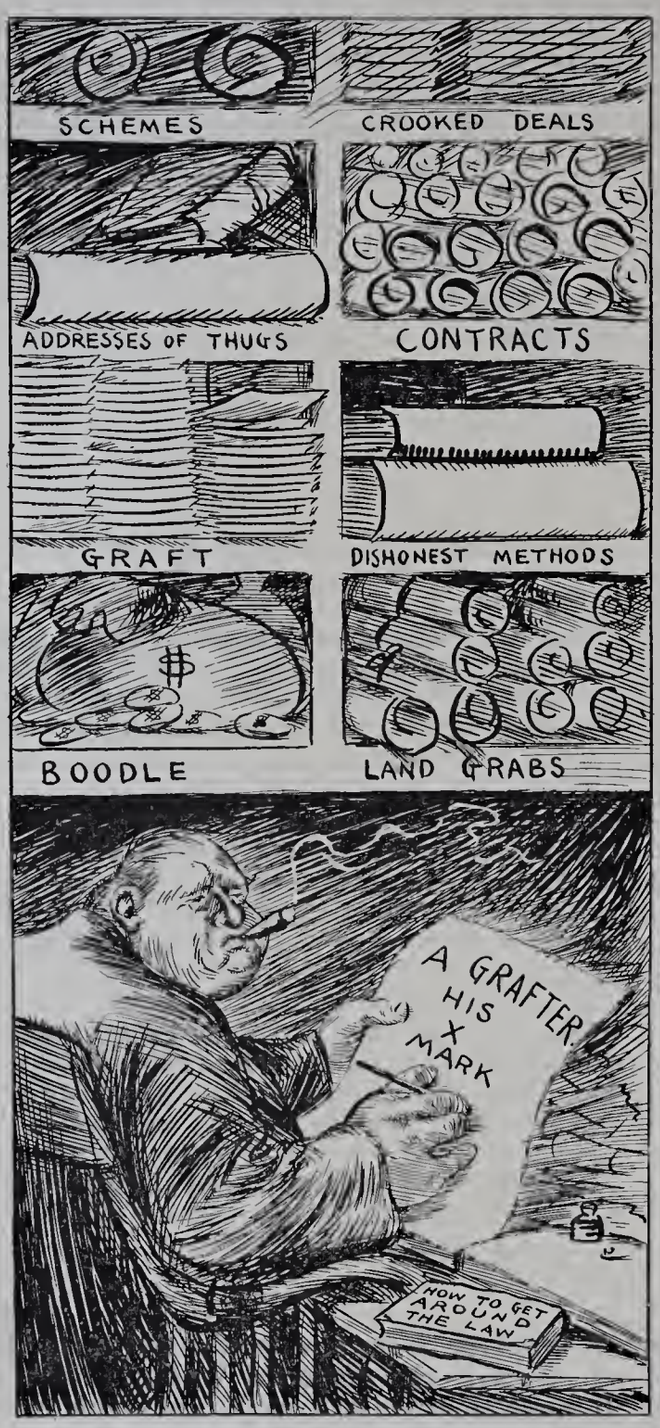
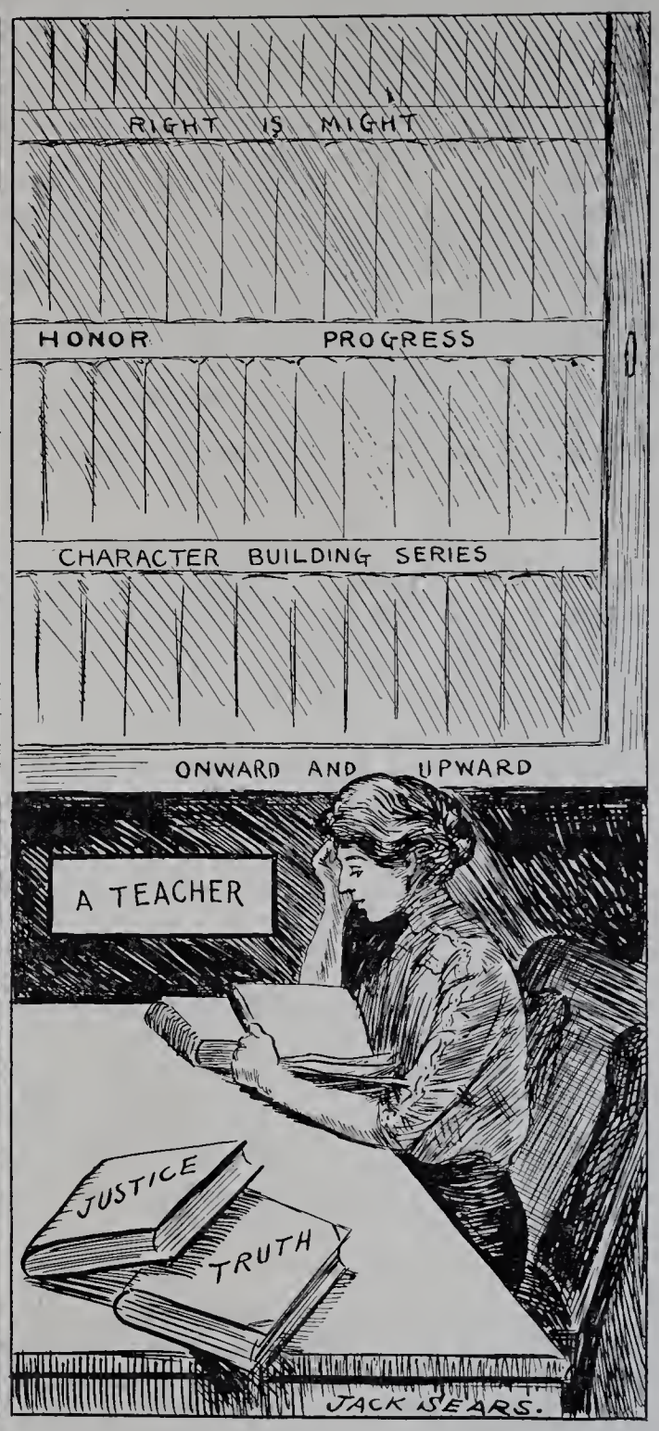
AS A MAN SEES IT





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ELECTION ECHOES

THE suffrage movement is no longer an esoteric movement confined largely to advocates of abstract rights. It is now deeply rooted in the interests and affections of millions of women who see more or less clearly their positive relations through industry and housekeeping to the governmental machinery. The ballot is not longer viewed as a right merely gratifying to human dignity, but rather as a tool which women may use in safeguarding themselves through law against the forces of civilization which bear unfairly upon them in many special ways. Woman suffrage is no longer a wave of "moral enthusiasm" that will soon die away—it is an economic movement as permanent as the economic forces which play upon woman's life to-day. It is this new aspect of the work for woman's political emancipation which gives a fresh interest *to the politics of the hour.*

It is a source of no little satisfaction to note that Senator Hinman, of Broome County, received a set-back in the election of November, which promises to place him on the retired list where, by virtue of his talents and reasoning powers, he truly belongs. Of course, he will be in the next session of the Senate to repeat his well-worn platitudes against woman suffrage, but he will no longer have that air of finality which "thumping majorities" have given him in the old days. For the first time since the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, his county has elected a Democratic Assemblyman—and at the time of a general Republican landslide. Mr. Hinman is sore, and he is suing Mr. Kilmer, of the Binghamton Press, for $50,000 for alleged defamation. Mr. Kilmer has replied by suing Mr. Hinman and his backers for $200,000 damages for libelous utterances. We expect that the shrill note of assurance will be absent when he rises upon the floor of the Senate next session to inform the millions of industrial women that their sphere is the home—God bless them!

Mr. Foss has been re-elected Governor of Massachusetts on a radical platform including the ratification of the federal income tax amendment, popular election of United States Senators, the initiative and referendum—and the submission of the question of woman suffrage to popular vote. Signs are not wanting, however, that he will have a hard struggle to secure the support of the "representative" branch of the Massachusetts government on these propositions.

In our report of the California victory in the last issue of *The Woman Voter* we based our estimate of the electoral vote on the apportionment law in effect at the last Presidential election. Under the new law enacted this year California will be entitled to thirteen instead of ten electoral votes. The corrected list of the electoral votes of the suffrage States follows:

California	13
Washington	7
Colorado	6
Utah	4
Idaho	4
Wyoming	3
Total	37

out of a grand total of 531 for the United States.

All eyes are now centered on the Los Angeles, California, election, which occurs on December 5. Owing to the bitter labor war in that city, the Socialist Party has made astonishing gains during the past year or two and the coming municipal campaign is a straight contest between the socialists and their opponents. Strenuous efforts are being made by both parties to enlist the support of the newly enfranchised women, who have been registered in large numbers. It is certain that the women will be warmly criticised no matter how the election goes. If the socialists win, the conservatives will cite this fact as a horrible example of what woman suffrage does, and if the conservatives win, the socialists will very likely take up Mr. Victor Berger's strain that women are physiologically reactionary and the enemies of enlightenment and progressive ideas. It will be a case of "Lay on, MacDuff," and the women will have to bear it with that composure which they are supposed not to possess.

I WAS one of the few prominent men (in California) who supported Woman's Suffrage. It seemed to me to be a question of simple justice and pure democracy. I have grown to believe in the small "d" sort of democracy. I would not let any woman vote *because she owned property* and I said so emphatically. I supported her right to vote *solely* because *she is a human being*—(most of the time)." FRANCIS J. HENEY.

HOME AND STATE

By Selma Lagerlöf.

The following speech was delivered by Miss Lagerlöf at the International Suffrage Congress in Stockholm last June. Miss Lagerlöf is the foremost woman of letters in Europe—the only woman to whom has been awarded the Nobel Prize in literature. She is the author of "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," "Further Adventures of Nils," "Christ Legends," "Costa Berling," "The Girl from Marsh Croft," etc. This speech was translated and given to us by her friend, Mrs. Velma Swanston Howard.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

FIRST and foremost I want to thank the leaders of the Congress, who invited me to speak on this occasion.

In making me a spokesman for the Suffrage Cause they have not only conferred an honor upon me, but they have also impelled me to try to get a clearer comprehension of the ever changing and mayhap world-transforming event called the Woman's Movement.

It is one thing to be in the procession—to silently follow the crowd, as I have done heretofore. Thus far one answers only for oneself, thus far a firm faith in the practical necessity for the new movement suffices. But it's another matter to step forth and call out to the passers-by that the right road has been found and that he does well who joins with us. Therewith one assumes a responsibility which cannot be borne unless one sees clearly that the movement has an ideal significance worth struggling for, whatever one may reap thereby: joy or suffering; success or failure.

Moreover I must admit that when I sat down to think out my speech, I thought that I should have no difficulty whatever in proving the ligitimacy of our demand.

I fancied that I only had to step into a well-equipped armory and select the needed weapons. They were already at hand, strong and keen-edged, culled from Life and History, from the world of Thought and Experience. I only had to choose.

"Let's see!" I remarked to myself. "We women demand Suffrage. What plea can we advance that will entitle us to a voice in the Government?"

We Swedish women habitually call attention to the Suffrage Movement itself. We boast of our 170 suffrage organizations, of the numberless pamphlets we sent out, of the lectures we hold. We keep repeating that we are thirty thousand strong who have joined suffrage organizations, and flaunt our big petition, with its 140,000 signatures. But I found that it would profit me nothing to drag this out again, for would you not answer that the Swedish women who do not demand the ballot greatly outnumber those of us who do? We emphasize how many there are of us who earn our bread by paid labor. But the State pays less for our work than for the man's, and still bars us from many fields of usefulness.

We must have a hand in the making of the laws in order that this wrong may be righted. We desire a change in the economic position of the married woman and we want her to have the right of determination in matters which concern her personally.

But will the suffrage ever be granted to us Swedish women on this ground? The answer to this would doubtless be, that, in the course of Justice, all these matters will eventually be adjusted without our co-operation. Were we to lay before you what we women have accomplished and are accomplishing as nurses, deaconesses, slum workers, etc., you would answer that just these very things show the power that religion exercises over woman. Suffrage for women would mean the revival of priestcraft. Or, if I were to dwell upon the fact that woman as well as man can take a university degree; that she goes forth as discoverer, inventor, and explorer; that she controls business enterprises and argue that, since she can compete with man in these fields, she must surely prove herself competent to enter the world of politics. Alas, I know only too well what the answer would be! Although there are a few women to whom one would willingly grant the suffrage, there are thousands to whom one cannot afford to give it. Since one cannot make laws for the exceptions, all must be debarred.

But have we done nothing which entitles us to equal rights with man? Our time on earth has been long—as long as his. Has it left no trace in passing? Have we created nothing of incontestable worth to life and civilization? Besides this, that we have brought human beings into the world, have we contributed nothing of use to mankind? I know that the women before our time did not fritter away their lives as play-

ing children, but worked. I look at paintings and engravings, pictures of old women of olden times. Their faces are haggard and stern, their hands rough and bony. They did not loll as dull slaves in harems. They had their struggles and their interests. What have they done?

I place myself before Rembrandt's old peasant woman, she of the thousand wrinkles in her intelligent face, and I ask myself why she lived. Certainly not to be worshipped by many men, not to rule a State, not to win a scholar's degree! And yet the work to which she devoted herself could not have been of a trivial nature. She did not go through life, stupid and shallow! The glances of men and women rest rather upon her aged countenance than upon that of the fairest young beauty. Her life must have had a meaning.

We all know what the old woman will reply to my question. We read the answer in her calm and kindly smile: "All that I did was to make a good home."

And, look you! This is what the women would answer if they could rise from their graves, generation after generation, thousands upon thousands, millions upon millions: "All that we strove for was to make a good home."

How few among them would answer differently! One and another nun might cry that her aim in life has been to serve God. One and another queen would declare that she had served her country. But their forms would be lost in the throngs; their voices would not be heard among all those who answer: "Our only ambition has been to create a good home."

We all know that this is true. We know that if we were to ask the men, could we line them up, generation after generation, thousands and millions in succession, it would not occur to one of them to say that he had lived for the purpose of making a good home. That has been woman's affair. No man assumes the honor of having founded the home.

We know that it is needless to seek further. We should find nothing. Our gift to humanity is the home—that, and nothing else. We have been building upon this little structure ever since the time of our Mother Eve. We have altered the plan; we have experimented; we have made new discoveries; we have gone back to the old; we have adapted ourselves; we have gone forth and tamed such among the wild beasts as were needed in the home; we have selected from the growths of earth fruit bearing trees, luscious berries, seeds, and the choicest flowers. We have furnished and decorated our home; we have developed its customs; we have created the art of child training, comfort, courtesy, and pleasant social intercourse.

For the home we have been great; for the home we have also been petty. Not many of us have stood with Christina Gyllenstierna on the walls of Stockholm and defended a city; still fewer of us have gone forth with Jeanne D'Arc to battle for the Fatherland. But if the enemy approached our own gate, we stood there with broom and dish rag, with the sharp tongue and clawing hand, ready to fight to the last in defence of our creation, the home. And this little structure which has cost us so much effort, is it a success or a failure? Is this woman's contribution to civilization inconsiderable or valuable? Is it appreciated or despised?

For answer we need only listen to the comments we constantly hear around us: Why does it go well with this or that one? Because he has had the advantage of a good home training. Why, for instance, is this person so much better able to meet the trials of life than many others? Because his training in the home had been along right lines. Another fails. Why? you ask. This, again, is in a great measure due to the faulty upbringing he received in the home. How has that man been able to bear up under all his misfortunes? Because his wife has always eased his burden by making a good home for him.

Isn't it wonderful, this little retreat! It receives us with joy as tiny, helpless, troublesome babes; it has an honored place for us as feeble and broken old men and women; it gladdens and refreshes the man when he returns, exhausted by the day's toil; it cherishes him as warmly when the world goes against him as when it honors him. Here there are no laws, only customs, which one follows because they are useful and expedient. Here one is disciplined not for the sake of punishing, but only for development. Here one finds employment for all talents, but one who has none can make himself just as beloved as the most gifted genius.

The home can take into its world humble servants, and keep them for life. It does not lose sight of its own and slaughters the fatted calf when the prodigal returns. It is a store house for the legends and ballads of our forefathers. It has its own ritual for fêtes and ceremonies; it treasures memories of our forebears which no history can record. Here every one may be himself so long as he does not disturb the harmony of the whole. One finds nothing more adjustable, more compassionate among all that mankind has effected, and there is nothing so beloved and so highly prized as woman's creation, the home.

Since this is so, since we admit that all the other work of woman is of evanescent character

as compared with the extraordinary work which she has accomplished in the home; when we see how persistently the woman's talents point in this direction, must we not with all our heart bemoan the Woman Movement—this departure from the home, their emigration, I might say, from their one accustomed field of usefulness to the man's field of labor?

Most men and a large proportion of the women themselves have fretted and grieved over this. They have also hindered and obstructed in so far as they could, but nothing has availed. The young woman in her search for employment has received but little encouragement, rather has she been scorned and ridiculed. The least desirable places have been open to her, the poorest pay has been offered for her services, which she has gratefully accepted. Few have found anything praiseworthy in this. One instinctively had the feeling that she acted wrongly in leaving the home service.

Nowadays we are making the most extensive investigations as to the causes of emigration. We find that it is due to economic oppression, to a desire for equality and freedom, to a yearning for change, to tempting examples.

But with that has all been said? Do we not all feel that this breaking away from the land of our fathers is due to an irrisistible force? We liken it to a fever, this which drives thousands upon thousands from familiar surroundings and beloved associations away to strange lands, to adapt themselves to a new country, to learn a new language, to acquire new methods of work. While the rewards are uncertain, the hardships and discomforts are inevitable. May it not be that some great law of Nature sets into motion the emigration throngs? The rest of us scarcely dare do aught to check it, for we know that so long as there is an acre of unbroken ground on the face of the globe, there will be pioneers who will find their way to it. One cannot prevent humanity from populating the earth and making it habitable; therefore no one laughs at the emigrant. And I believe that there will soon be an end to all ridicule of the working woman. It will be understood that when she was forced to leave home it was not solely for economic reasons, not only from a desire for equality, not only from a longing for change and freedom, all of which have played a part, but there are also other reasons. A force stronger than Nature herself, a touch of the indefinable has stirred woman. Yellowing wheat fields, new cities, flourishing States show us where the immigrant has advanced. Perchance the woman, also, shall some day show us that when she forced her way into the man's working territory she, too, wished to cultivate wildernesses and deserts!

But before we venture to predict anything as regards the future, let us consider what the man has accomplished in his world.

First of all, in what has his labor consisted? During the thousands of years that woman has been working upon her humble creation, the home, what has been man's greatest achievement?

There can be no question as to the answer. Man has created the State. He has served it and suffered for it, he has given to it his almost superhuman efforts; he has risked life for its upbuilding; he has given to it his profoundest thought. To defend it he has placed himself at the cannon's mouth. He has constructed its laws and has classified the inhabitants of this elaborate creation, which embraces all of us and unites us, like the members of a human body.

We must not deny the man the great honor due him as founder of the State, and not only the State as a unit, but also all the smaller and greater organizations of which it is comprised; for they are all his work. As soon as we step outside the four walls of the home, we meet him, and him only. He has created the farm, the village, the city. He has constructed the church, the university, the industrial world. All the States within States are from the start his work. He is the great builder of human ant hills. He never stands alone, but always in coalition. Man's greatest contribution to civilization is the well-organized, strong and protecting State.

Let us be clear on one point! It is not my meaning that the home as I have just presented it, is perfected everywhere. If such were the case, then verily humanity had reached its goal, and further reforms and improvements would not be needed. Naturally I'm aware of the fact that the majority of homes are not perfect, and that many are bad. But the good and happy homes do exist: we have seen them; we have lived in them. We may not have had them ourselves, perhaps, but we can bear witness to their existence. They are no mere dream. Women can create them in poverty and in affluence; in lowliness and in refinement. They are to be found in kings' castles and in cotters' huts.

Now, as to the States—these, our greater homes, so difficult to build, constructed with so much effort, watered by so much blood and so many tears, builded by the help of the strongest characters, the boldest minds—is there or has there ever been one that has satisfied all its members? Are they not always in the midst of continuous reform work? Does one not desire even to-day to reform and reconstruct them from the bottom up? Do they not present constant reasons for discontent and bitterness?

In the Nardesta of Runeberg, Catherine of

(*Continued on page 30*)

PORTIA POLITICS

By Edith Bailey.

When Portia Primrose was scarce ten, her father grieved to find
She had an active, reasoning, and too inquiring mind.
The "Constitution" she read through, and never skipped a page.
"It is unseemly," smiled Papa, "for both your sex and age."

"But, father, please explain to me:" her father stroked her curls—
"Such books are writ for men and boys, not dainty little girls.
Cherish your pretty bloom, my dear, and keep within your place,
Don't strive to be a 'suffragette'—a menace to the race!"

"But, Papa, are not all those laws for little girls, as well
As Brother Tom and Cousin Dick, and Uncle Harry Bell?"
"The laws for all (including girls) we 'knowing' men have made—
If women were to study them, they might not be obeyed.

"For little girls and women, too, must keep within their sphere;
Their place is in the Home, and not the ballot-booth, my dear."
"Why, father, is the ballot-booth a naughty place to go?"
"The circus-booth is best for you, and front seats at the show."

"Come, here's Mamma to take you to dancing school, my child,
A lady's chiefest charms are grace, good clothes and manners mild.
In this your coat so soft and warm, how thankful you should be
A coat all made of finest wool belongs to Portia P.!"

"Yes, but poor Nell Naught's Winter coat, it has no warmth at all.
It's made of 'shoddy,' Nellie says, not even fit for Fall.
Only the rich can wear pure wool—if Nellie had the vote
She says she'd cut the 'Tariff' and wear a warmer coat."

"Tut-tut, my child, you must not talk in such a silly way—
What would become of poor Papa, if Nellie had her say?
He manufactures woolen goods, and so, do you not see
Without the tariff, where, oh, where, would our fast autos be?

"Meanwhile, in order to be kind, no charity we shirk,
Poor Nellie gets your broken dolls, her mother lots of work.
But they are never satisfied, they'd seize our every dime,
To keep us rich and keep them poor, I'm working overtime."

"Oh, yes, Papa," purred Portia, "I know they're often rude,
Poor people who go thinly clad and clamor after food.
They're not content with favors; they fight and strike and fret
And clamor for their 'human rights' like any suffragette."

(To be continued.)

A FRANCHISE DEAL

By Zoe Hartman

WITH genuine relief, Mrs. Conover watched her visitor's preparations for departure.

"I'm sorry you cannot see your way clear to join us," the latter was saying in tones of courteous regret. "You see, we feel that upon this our first opportunity to cast a vote, we women ought to stand together and convince the politicians that they'll have us to reckon with in the future."

"Well, I've always thought that a woman's place was in the home." For the fourth time, Mrs. Conover stolidly repeated the ancient and honored sentiment. "I'm sure I have enough to do looking after the house and children, without mixing in something that ain't none of my business."

"We feel that it is very much women's business to see that our city is made a decent place in which to bring up our children," replied the visitor sweet-temperedly, as she drew on her gloves. "You know Mr. Larwell is pledged to close the gambling dens, stop police graft and make the saloons obey the law, while his opponent, Mr. Slater is for a wide-open town. And no one suffers more than women from a wide-open town. So we think it peculiarly our business to elect Mr. Larwell mayor. I only hope," she added, making her way to the door, "that you'll change your mind, Mrs. Conover. Here are some cards of the Progressive Party, and here's one of our sample ballots. If you decide to join us, come down to headquarters and give in your name. Don't forget that Thursday is the last day for registration. Good-afternoon."

Mrs. Conover bustled back to her kitchen, whither her thoughts had long since preceded her, driven by distracting visions of her small two-year-old rolling off the back porch, or the onions boiling dry. Finding that neither calamity had befallen, she donned a kitchen apron, and straightway forgot the inopportune visit of the ward-worker, in completing her preparations for supper.

"Ain't Danny come home from school yet, Marie?" she called sharply to a small replica of herself—a thin-faced, wiry, nervous midget, who was staggering about the kitchen with more than an armful of chubby, stolid infant.

"No'm."

"I'd just like to know if he's been playing hookey!" fretted Mrs. Conover. "Marie, put the baby down and set the table. First thing you know, your Pa'll be here asking for his supper, mad as a wet hen, if he has to wait. There he is now! If that ain't the limit! Marie, put that kid down!"

Marie obeyed, trying to drown the ensuing infantile roars with the rattle of plates and cups, until relieved by the sudden entrance of the head of the family, a heavy-faced, rather stubbly individual in the soiled jumpers of a mechanician, who caught up the young rebel and tossed him aloft till the keynote of his howls changed to joy.

"Have you seen Danny, Tim?" inquired Mrs. Conover, somewhat timidly, at a loss to explain her husband's unusual flow of good nature.

"Yep. Right behind me. He's coming."

"He never gets home in time to help me, and I need him. I wish you'd speak to him. It don't seem to do no good for me to——"

She stopped short with fork upraised over a skillet of frying meat, and stared at her eldest son as he crossed the kitchen threshold.

"Where did you get that suit?" she demanded in a hardening voice, pointing an outraged forefinger at the strutting young figure, brave in a spick-and-span blue suit and brass buttons.

"Where d'ye s'pose? I've got a job! I go to work Monday morning!" boasted the boy, producing a round, blue cap with the brim bearing a gold inscription of "L. R. T. Messenger Service," and poising it sidewise on his round bullet head.

"Danny Conover, d'ye mean to say you've got a job as messenger boy? Tim, if you knew anything about this, why'd you let him do it?"

"Aw, cut it, Ma! Pa helped me get it!" The boy tilted the cap to a more impudent angle. "He wrote a note to the teacher and he's goin' to see the principal."

Mrs. Conover was beginning to forget her usual rôle of meekness.

"So you've not only encouraged this kid to stop school, Tim Conover, but you've helped him to get a job that'll teach him more low-down meanness 'n he ever dreamed of! And you knowing all the time that I wouldn't stand for it!"

"Who ast you to stand for it?" demanded her lord and master, still tossing the two-year-old aloft. "Looky here, Annis, this ain't none of your put-in. If Danny wants to quit school and go to work, and I give my O. K., I reckon that's all there is to it."

In the haze that rose from the frying meat, Mrs. Conover flushed a dull purplish red and her voice borrowed a shrewish note from her indignation.

"I reckon it ain't all! If he must go to work, why can't he do something halfway decent? You know yourself the messenger service ain't no place for a boy twelve years old. Those companies send their boys into saloons and kennels that ain't fit for hogs to wallow in!"

"Pshaw! You're mighty dainty, ain't you?" His heavy face settled into sullen lines. "Some folks find it first-class pickings."

"Yes, 'n that Dempsey kid sometimes makes more'n a hundred dollars a month—more'n I could make with my paper route!" triumphed Danny.

"That Dempsey kid had better be in school, gettin' a little education and some common decency, instead of being the toughest little pirate in this ward!" she flashed.

"Well, what are you going to do about it? Think you'll change it, hey?" sneered Conover, setting the child down so suddenly that a lusty uproar was the result. "The boy's got to earn his salt mighty sudden. With living and rent so high, and me having to scratch so hard to get it, I can't have him on me much longer. Too many to rustle grub for."

Mechanically Mrs. Conover picked up the screaming child and turned on him, nerved by a new-born valor in which discretion had no part.

"It ain't because you have too many to rustle for, Tim Conover, but because you spend every cent in sight at that low-down Fahey's place! A man making as good wages as you at gas-fitting, wouldn't have no trouble supporting his family, if he'd let gambling alone!"

Even as she spoke, she trembled before the storm gathering over his black brows and in the swelling cords of his neck.

"Well, I reckon if a man wants a game of poker now and then, it ain't none of his wife's business. You're gettin' as bad as them meddlin' political women. Pretty thing for a man to come home to, after a hard day's work!"

And he stalked out of the kitchen, slamming the door behind him, leaving the woman cowed, yet quivering with a bitterly rebellious sense of protest, to the expression of which her married life within the last few years had become a stranger. Yet there had been a time when, as a girl, she had been known in her quiet, unobtrusive way, as "one of the spunkiest hello girls in the office."

There had been a time too, when she had been something more to Tim than the person responsible for his meals and the care of his children—a time when Tim had been almost considerate of her, as far as that careless, blundering soul could be considerate of anything. But the old days of Tim's fondness for her had yielded to the reign of Fahey's, which seemed to absorb, like a sponge, all his humanity as well as his money, until there was little left of the "hello girl's" lover but a surly, insensible clod of a man. Often she had tried to excuse him by laying all the blame on Fahey's, mindful of a three weeks' illness that had once exiled him from that alluring resort and almost restored his old likeable self. Then gradually all contact with him became reduced to a process of arousing alternately her resentment and her fear.

"Seems as if I just can't abide a stand-up row with him," she sometimes apologized to herself.

But the question in hand involved weightier issues than those presented by the average "stand-up row." It had long been her dream that her children should have more than the meagre education that had fallen to her lot, and that their youth should be kept clean. For some time, she had observed with secret anxiety her husband's tendency to wink at Danny's rebellion against school and his growing appetite for "toughness;" but she had scarcely expected this bold move. It left her stunned.

Placing the baby in his high chair, she went back to the stove, pausing on the way perfunctorily to pick up a white square of pasteboard that had dropped from the kitchen table where she had negligently deposited the ward-worker's cards.

"Mary Dean Shelby, 115 Oak Street, Ward 3, Precinct 1," she read, a gleam of interest leaping into her eyes. Groping under the table, she fished out a second card inscribed:

"We are for direct legislation, clean city government and Larwell. No compromise with graft.

Headquarters, 18 Hampton Block.

Women's Progressive League."

Over the third, she pored longest:

"Vote for Larwell for Mayor, if you would safeguard your home."

What was it this "meddling political woman" had said?—"Larwell is pledged to drive out the gambling dens and——" She could not remember the rest, but as she hurried about getting supper on the table, bits of that brief quarter-hour talk came back to her with startling clearness, and kept her silent and absorbed throughout the meal. Later, when Conover took himself off to Fahey's for the evening, not to return till midnight, she felt the tide of her anger merging itself into a greater current beyond her control, —a vast flood that was to take possession of her life and change it.

The next morning, after "tidying up" her shabby little home and intrusting the two-year-old to the care of a neighbor, the little woman donned her bravest and marched down town and affixed her name to the membership list of the Women's Progressive League. Then, still strong

in the purpose born of her desperation, she followed one of the kindly women at headquarters through the process of registration, received her first lesson in marking a ballot and wended her way home at last, with her battered handbag bulging with election dodgers and Progressive "literature."

It soon became a part of her daily program to borrow a paper of the neighbor next door, who was also developing Progressive tendencies, and to search it faithfully for notices of Progressive "rallies," ward meetings and speeches of candidates—details which Tim's paper, whenever he thought to bring it home, always failed to record. Several times she went to "new voters'" afternoon meetings and once to an evening rally, each time sitting bolt upright on the edge of a seat well up in front, and absorbing every word with grim, hungry attention; and each time marvelling a little less and assimilating a little more zeal from the numbers and concerted enthusiasm of her fellow-women.

Two days after Danny's proud entrance into the messenger service—an event which left her smouldering—Conover came home with a scowl of enlightenment on his brow.

"I hear as how you've gone into politics," he remarked with a clumsy, ill-humored attempt at lightness. "Doran said he saw you at the Progressive rally. One might go and look on, but what's this I hear about you joining the party and all?"

"I don't know what you've heard, but I've joined it and I'm going to vote for Larwell." It took some of the old-time "hello girl" spunk to say it.

He gasped, but recovered himself wrathfully.

"Well, cut it out, d'ye hear? I won't have no wife of mine hanging 'round the polls on election day or voting for that Sunday-school gang that's trying to get in and ruin business."

Mrs. Conover faced around sharply from her steaming dish-pan with flashing eyes and a disk of color flaming on either thin cheek.

"Yes, to ruin Fahey's business and all the likes of him! And good riddance, too! You needn't talk to me, Tim Conover. I'm a citizen now, same as you, and nobody can keep me from voting for Larwell or anyone else that'll get in and clean out these saloons and gambling hells and take some of the load off'n us women's backs!"

A subtle change came over Conover. His jaw slackened and he seemed to be crumpling up.

"Stark, raving nutty!" he muttered weakly. "Lord, woman, the gang won't stand for your mixing in politics!"

"Oh, they won't stand for it, won't they?" She advanced a step, an inspired creature, stripped of all sense of fear, irresistible, and for the first time in her small, subservient life, dangerous. "Too bad, considering we ain't any more 'n just begun! If we win this election, pretty soon we're going to fix it so messenger companies can't hire boys till they're sixteen. Larwell believes in it and he's going to help us!"

Breathlessly she hurled at him the bit of knowledge which, out of her poor little store of civic information gleaned from the "new voters'" meetings, meant the most to her, while he mopped his brow from time to time, and ejaculated dazedly, "Oh Lordy!"

"I ain't no politician," she rushed on, her voice growing hushed and intense with an emotion more gripping than her courage, "and Lord knows I don't want to be,—seeing what they are! But if you men *will* go gallivantin' round to the dives and saloons and let little kids go to work before they get half their share of schooling, then it's time for me to butt in. And you bet I will!"

She turned back to her dish-pan, leaving him to shuffle out of the kitchen in a state approximating total disintegration. Thereafter, he watched her with bewildered, incredulous eyes, as one who sees the universe askew and neither knows how, nor dares, to adjust it. Once or twice, he tried his old blustering tactics, but went down before a defense better guarded than his own, or before a silence more bitter than any words. For like all gentle people when thoroughly aroused, she had not the least intention of turning back. So she continued to attend the Progressive meetings and even ventured timidly into a public reception given by the Women's Progressive League, where Mrs. Shelby welcomed her warmly and drew her aside.

"I wonder if you've heard of this big rally we're planning for the night before election," began the ward-worker confidentially. "The Men's Civic League and several other organizations are going to join us. We're going to start at headquarters, and parade the streets with bands and flags and torches, winding up at the Auditorium, where we'll have a big speech-fest. Now, we want a fine representation of women from each ward. You'll join us, of course?"

Little Mrs. Conover hesitated one minute, then answered sturdily, "Sure!"

As she made no secret of her intention either to Marie or to her sympathetic neighbor, it was not long before the news reached Conover and brought him home excited and fuming, yet obviously uncertain of his ground.

"See here, Annis, you'll have to cut out this procession business. The boss has give orders that all us men are to vote the City Hall ticket and if he gets wind of you marching or even voting the Progressive ticket, he'll fire me. Pretty doin's, anyhow!"

(*Continued on page 29*)

RUDYARD KIPLING; SCIENTIST AND HUSBAND

MR. KIPLING is the poet of lost causes. He sings the songs of a crass militarism now hopelessly discredited in high and low places. He celebrates an aureoled jingoism which his liberal countrymen utterly reject. He fain would galvanize to life the corpse of old Toryism, but the worm-eaten hulk will not stir. The times are all out of joint and he cannot mend them. So there is nothing left to do but to wail and gnash his teeth—and sell his verses and stories. It was inevitable, therefore, that he should fall upon the woman movement. It is something new upon his horizon—and like the Irishman at the famous Donnybrook Fair—he must hit every new thing in sight. And it is no mere co-incidence that he should choose as the medium of his attack the Ladies' Home Journal—that faithful barometer of our lower middleclass culture.

The burden of Mr. Kipling's poem—for he has sought shelter against thoughtful criticism in poetic license—is that woman is an unreasoning, deadly beast and all men (except, of course, Mr. Kipling) are drivelling cowards and hypocrites in the presence of the hateful spectre. If, as Dean Swift remarks, satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own, Mr. Kipling's poetry is a cloudy mirror wherein he sees nothing save his own image. But he is not content to assume the burden of his reasoning himself; he lays a part of his cause on nature—the dear old creature which is responsible for everything which cannot be accounted for any other way. He tells us that the she-bear is the hunter's deadly enemy, but the he-bear is a lumbering good-natured fellow whom the sportsman delights to meet in friendly bout. The female cobra fills the heart of the jungleman with a nameless terror, but the male cobra is an altogether charming friend of man—slow to anger, sober in judgment, and courteous in demeanor. The male Huron or Choctaw was the Jesuit missionary's attentive and docile pupil—considerate, penetrating, and quick to anticipate his wishes, but the squaw struck the dauntless man of God speechless with fear and trembling. For those who know no history, natural or human, the train of Mr. Kipling's logic is faultless. Throughout the animal kingdom our poet-naturalist would have us believe the female is deadlier than the male, and what layman in jungle-lore can say him nay? But when he tells us that the husbands of women and the hunters of wild beasts meet on common ground—

"But when hunter meets with husband, each confirms the other's tale
The female of the species is more deadly than the male"—

he speaks of things which come within the ken of the land-lubber and the city dweller. Mr. Kipling is a husband and he ought to know whereof he speaks.

Not only is the female deadlier than the male—she is unreasoning, impervious to logic, and beyond the reach of sweetness and light. It is strange that this should be so, in view of the plain examples of wisdom, virtue, endurance and compromise afforded by men everywhere in the adjustment of their grave religious and political controversies. Do not the rack, the thumbscrew, the iron maiden, the headsman's block, the guillotine, and the barricade bear mute testimony to the good humor and spirit of amity which the male has shown in the adjustment of his difficulties. It is only woman who has shown herself an unreasoning beast in the universal struggle for rights which marks the way from sullen serfdom to modern citizenship.

But with striking courtesy Mr. Kipling admits woman is not responsible for her faults, for she has no brains—nothing but a function, childbearing, and, when perchance she has no children, she makes her convictions her children and defends them with deadly outcome to all who approach her. The beast of a single function. Of course, the poet, with his limitless license may overlook such trite matters as the millions of women performing in daily routine the thousands of complex functions in our modern life—the chain forgers of Cradley Heath, the coal passers of Japan, the personal servants, the household drudges, the peasant women browned under every sun, the unhonored and unsung in the army of toil. Like the demagogue, Mr. Kipling makes phrases: Woman is a child-bearer, otherwise nothing, and as child-bearer, a deadly and unreasoning thing.

And man, the coward, when he lifts his voice in the councils of the braves, demanding rights for women, knows he is a coward and craven hypocrite.

And She knows, because She warns him and Her instincts never fail
That the female of the species is deadlier than the male!

These last lines, we take it, may be regarded as a delicate compliment to the members of the "Ladies" Association Opposed to the Granting of the Suffrage to Women. They will doubtless appreciate it.

Suffragists ought to be grateful to Mr. Kipling for clearing the air and to the Ladies' Home Journal for affording him the opportunity. He has frankly and brutally revealed the true nature of that vast amount of prejudice and passion

against the woman movement which is the chief obstacle in the way of woman's advancement and which other opponents cunningly veil in the armor of sophistry and formal logic.

Thanks, Mr. Kipling, for this great service.

Thanks, Ladies' Home Journal, for the wide publicity.

Women who cannot see may now feel the blunt edge of the stone hammer, wielded by the low-browed primitive savage.

THE *Ladies' Home Journal* of November printed a poem by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "The Female of the Species," which has awakened the widest indignation among men as well as among women. The reply by Hall Caine appeared in *Votes for Women*. We select from among the many refutations of the Kipling position the following verses by Mr. Garretson, which appeared in the New York *Globe* of November 11th. Mr. Garretson, we hope, speaks for American men, even as Hall Caine for Englishmen.

THE OTHER SIDE.

(An answer to Mr. Kipling's recent poem, "The Female of the Species.")

WHEN the she-bear with her offspring is attacked by deadly foe,
Driven by maternal instinct, straight to battle she will go;
She will fight to death, if need be, while her mate with fear will quail,
For the female of the species has more courage than the male.

Be it snake, or be it woman, mother instinct is the same,
At attack she'll rouse to action, all her energies aflame;
But to save life, not to take it, doth she hasten to assail,
And the female of the species has more courage than the male.

Man knows the worth of woman (though the fact he'll oft' deny),
And he knows what she's accomplished in the ages long gone by,
And when husband meets with husband they will own, but yet bewail,
That the female of the species is the equal of the male.

Man has ever been dependent on the wisdom of his mate;
He admits her power to reason and her coolness in debate,
Though he poses as a scoffer, you will often, often find
That behind his brave decisions is the logic of her mind.

Granted that the woman's mission is to bear and rear the race;
Must she serve that single issue? Has she then no other place?
Does her superhuman courage simply prove the tenet frail,
That the female of the species is more deadly than the male?

She has brought much more to living than the powers that make her great
As the mother of the infant and the mistress of the mate.
And when man's support is lacking and she strives unhelped to claim
Her simple right as woman, does she then deserve your blame?

'Tis the courage of conviction. She has dared at last to rise;
She's contending for her children, for the rights that Man denies.
Meet her, men, in cool discussion—you will hear no vapid, wild
Pyrotechnics when she argues for herself and for her child.

Unprovoked are these her charges? Look within your laws and see—
Is there freedom for the woman in your country of the free?
Does your constitution give her e'en the rights to which she's heir?
And you say that she is deadly when she fights for what is fair.

It has been that Man, the master, when he gathered to confer
With his fellow men in council did not leave a place for her.
It has been—but things move onward. Better laws will soon prevail,
When we'll see a change in status 'twixt the female and the male.

And man knows it! He's confessed it! For in six enlightened States
Women may now help to govern, they are equals of their mates.
And you'll find whene'er the evils of the statutes they assail,
That the female of the species IS more deadly than the male!

CARLETON G. GARRETSON

WHY THE COUNTRY FOLK DID IT

IT was a surprise to nearly all of us when the news finally came that the suffrage had been granted to the women of California, largely through the rural vote—as it is called. Those of us who had been sent into the country districts and especially into far off mining camps away from the picturesque activities in San Francisco, had felt at times that fate was a little hard on us. There was a peculiar sense of personal triumph, then, when the victory was announced, but we were all surprised when the word came that "the country did it."

It is only now after a little rest and a chance to review the work that we are able to analyse results. We had entered the battle—most of us who were sent out to help, at least—with the preconceived idea that the greatest liberalism, independence of thought and action, and equalitarian notions were in the great urban centers where experience and close intercommunication are teachers in themselves. We have had to readjust many of our theories to suit the facts.

I can only offer my own experience as an interesting side-light on "Why the Country Did It."

In the first place, there does not seem to be the same distinction in California between the people who use their minds and those who use their hands that exists in New York. A surprisingly large number do both. The following incident will illustrate this. I was seated in a fashionable hotel in San Francisco talking over the work with some women when my ears caught the cadence of a cultured man's voice discussing single tax in the light of certain Australian measures. The speaker not only held the attention of the group about him but I found myself involuntarily listening to the delightful discussion. The next night I was many miles away speaking in a small town to the people who came to the meeting in their working clothes. A keen listener near the front of the room caught my eye, yet it was some time before I recognized in the man in shirt-sleeves before me the cultivated speaker whom I had heard in the hotel parlor in San Francisco the day before. He proved to be the owner of a flouring mill and worked right along side of "the boys" as in days of old.

The other side of the situation is illustrated by this experience. In another village I found that the best informed man who was looked up to for guidance and leadership by the whole community was a workingman who had a wonderful store of information and was noted for his good judgment.

Apparently more educated people work and more working people are educated in California than in most States.

In the second place the men of California are used to seeing women do things. The women run fruit ranches; they own and operate mines; they are in all professions and occupations; they are original and efficient. In the rural districts especially—where there are not so many idle parasites or shiftless and hopeless drudges—the women are respected more because they work and achieve things.

In the third place, I found women who were the inspiration of entire communities. In one instance the wife of a big fruit grower practically turned her big house over as community property. The villagers gathered there to discuss problems; and every one was made to feel at home. In response to the rich women who suggested that she ought not to live so plainly and democratically, the hostess replied: "There are so many who have less that I should be ashamed to live ostentatiously." There was no attempt at patronage or coercion. I found many such women of leading and light in their small communities. This does not mean that there were not rich women who live in an ostentatious and selfish way in the towns of California. There are many such, but they are always "antis" and are practically without influence on the lives of the people.

In the fourth place, the small town papers exert a great educative influence in California. Papers like the Sacramento *Bee* did excellent work for suffrage.

Lastly, I constantly came upon socialist groups in the country who planned suffrage meetings and invited me to speak, even if they could only gather a few around the car for a short stop. The socialists everywhere seemed to have permeated the out-of-the-way places with their doctrines, so that the idea of equal rights for women found fruitful soil.

I found that wherever I went in the country districts the prevailing sentiment was one of sympathy and my work resolved itself into getting out the vote rather than in making converts. I feel now that certain elements in the cities never can be won over. Wealth, parasites, liquor, and vice are against us all along the line—with rare exceptions do we find men of wealth on our side.

We must work with what the great Lincoln called "the plain people."

JEANNETTE RANKIN.

Helping Wisconsin is to be part of the work for the Illinois Suffrage Association this year. Some of Illinois' most brilliant speakers, including Miss Harriet Grim, are to be lent to the adjacent State during its coming fight for the ballot. The leading members of the association were agreed in their assertions that everything that could be done to help Wisconsin would eventually help Illinois.

PLATFORM OF THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE PARTY

(The following Platform was unanimously adopted at the New York City Convention, on October 26th, 1911.)

WE, the delegates of the Woman Suffrage Party in Convention assembled in Carnegie Hall, October 26th, 1911, do join in the following declarations of principles:

1. The claim that the American Government is a government of the people, by the people, for the people is a pretense and a delusion as long as one-half of the people are deprived of all voice in that government.

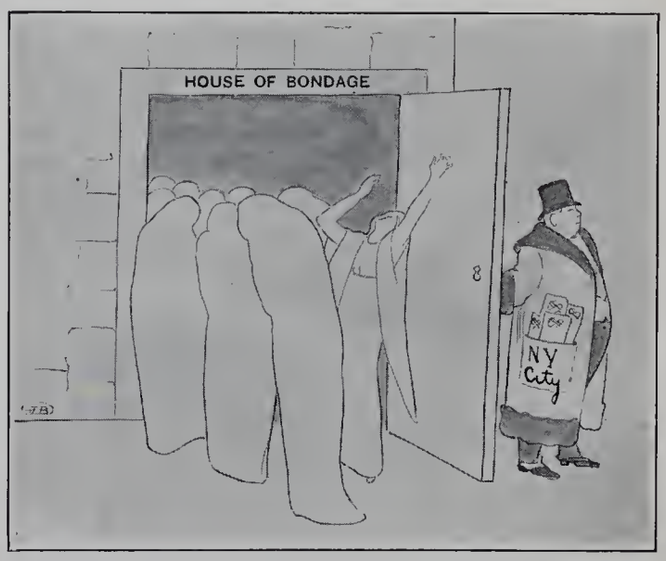
2. Food, clothing and shelter are the fundamental needs of the people and they are and always have been the primary concern of women in the home. We therefore denounce a political system which robs the home of adequate representation and makes business and finance the chief interests of politics.

3. We protest against the iniquity of a political system which refuses to grant to the six million working women engaged in industries outside the States of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Washington and Idaho, a share in the making and enforcing of the laws which control every matter which is vital to their health and well-being.

4. Until the enfranchisement of women, we call upon all women to oppose the idea of a uniform divorce law because at the present time such a law would be made by men only and therefore necessarily discriminate against women. We declare that in all public conferences and commissions appointed to consider this subject women should have an equal voice with men.

5. We renew our condemnation of the suicidal policy of permitting child labor and give our support to all humanitarian legislation looking toward the amelioration of race-destroying tendencies.

6. In face of the revelations of the white slave traffic and the demonstrated connection between poverty and prostitution, we declare that the time has come for a complete program of social legislation, including a minimum wage, shorter hours, steady employment, better housing and extensive public recreation.



ARE WE OUR SISTERS' KEEPERS?

7. We view with alarm that reactionary educational movement which would restrict the education of women to domestic science and ignore their right to a full and free intellectual life of their own.

8. We congratulate the teachers of New York on their successful struggle for the principle of equal pay for equal work and urge the extension of the principle to the work of industrial women.

(*Continued on page 26*)

A MONOLOGUE

By Helen I. O. Griffith.

(Time, to-day. Scene, any drawing-room, preferably an old-fashioned room furnished in early Victorian period. Enter Mrs. Jonas Schley with the carriage of an "old maid." She wears the precise and ugly dress of a past period, and her hair severely arranged. Her pinched features suggest a cold in the head and her eyes are enlarged by a pair of magnifying eye-glasses, which with their rims of steel give her a truly formidable appearance. She carries in her hand a visiting card which she regards with great disfavor.)

Mrs. Schley—"Meredith—Miss Flora Meredith. That is your name? Yes. I—I hardly think I have had the pleasure of meeting you, Miss—Miss (*looking at the card*)—yes, Miss Meredith. Ah! I thought so. I may say I never forget a face—never! (*with a grim smile*). SUFFRAGE!! (*She swells with indignation.*) That is a word I never permit in my house. I—on the list of the Woman Suffrage Party! Well, I never! It can't be. I tell you it simply cannot be. I never joined any organization supporting that movement. I never will! Why, my dear young lady, I'm an anti. (*She sweeps forward and plants herself in a chair.*) I entirely disapprove of the whole movement. Certainly I know about it. It is composed of malcontents—women who are vicious and masculine, or who desire to make loose divorce laws. As a respectable married woman—a woman who has been a wife these forty years—I protest against giving these evil-minded women any power to make the laws. No! No! Sit down. It is true that I—yes, yes—I know I *did* say that I do not allow the word to be mentioned, but—daughters?—no, I have no children, but I have a niece. No, I don't think she has joined any suffrage club, but she's been affected. I may say, quite seriously so. It's the spirit of the Times—unrest—and all that sort of thing. I declare I don't know what has got into the younger generation. For years we have been content in our proper places, doing our charities and tending to our homes, and maintaining the social life. What better could any woman do? What charities? Oh, the church makes its demands on all of us, and my niece has interested me in a working girls' club. Speaking of that club reminds me. One of your cries—the war cries I may say of you suffragists, is the Poor Working Girl! (*She laughs.*) Why, I hardly know of a group for whom more is being done than the working girls. In our church we pay especial attention to them—we have an evening for them in the Parish House. They can dance if they like. Men? Oh, no indeed. No men. We couldn't allow such doings, you know. Are the gatherings well attended? Well, that's just the point, I'm coming to. In spite of all the efforts our pastor and the church workers are making, only a few take advantage of the opportunity. Doesn't that prove to you how hopeless it is? You can't make them pay their dues, even. It's only twenty-five cents a month, too. Poor? Why, yes, of course, they are poor. That's why we want to help them. Surely, twenty-five cents isn't anything—and we try to give them some ice cream once a month, too. But I assure you that some one of us always has to pay up a deficit in the accounts. Now, why take these poor girls who can't be depended upon to know what is being done for their good and give them men's work? What do I mean? Why, I mean the ballot. Isn't that what we're talking about? What's that? The conditions of the working girls? Do you mean wages and all that? Of course, their wages are small, but really, when you have come into contact with as many of them as I have in the various clubs I'm interested in, you'll wonder if they are worth more. I have come to realize that generally people get what they deserve. What's that you are saying? Seventy hours a week? Oh, I'm sure you are mistaken. Are you positive? Oh, no, that's not right. That certainly is not right. I agree with you there. Oh! there is plenty of injustice in the world, my dear. The worst of it is that it always has been so, and always will be so. Anyway, we poor women can't do anything. What! do you think we can? Why, of course, I'd do anything to help the children, and the mothers. I never—was—a mother—and—a—a child is—(*she sniffs and uses her pocket handkerchief slyly*)—I would love to help the children—(*a bell rings*)—oh, dear, it's my husband—he wants me. I'll have to go to him. He's not at all well—an invalid, in fact—but Miss Meredith—come again, won't you—I—well—good morning. (*She leaves hurriedly.*)

The report of the work done at the National Convention which met at Louisville, Kentucky, from October 19 to 25, can best be obtained by reading *The Woman's Journal,* the organ of the National Woman Suffrage Association. Suffragists really need *The Woman's Journal* and *"The Woman Voter,"* and *The New York Suffrage Newsletter*—the organ of the State Association. In the State bulletin is found the report of the recent State Convention at Ithaca. Both the National and the State Conventions were congresses of too great an importance for a meagre write-up in the space allotted in "The Woman Voter" for this month, and we deem it best to refer our readers to the proper sources.

THE WORLD MOVES

By Charity Dye.

(Delivered at the California Jubilee in Indianapolis at the Woman's Franchise League.)

WHILE Sherman's army was in the pines and sands of Carolina, there one day emerged from a low hovel the bent form of an aged dusky woman whose gray head was turbaned in yellow, red and green; she lifted her face to the colors, saluted them, and then curtsied to the passing regiments. During the past week, less than a half century since "Ethiopia saluted the colors" that stand for freedom, a million women in the United States have saluted the same colors and bowed in grateful spirit to the regiments of soldier-citizens in California for conferring the gift of freedom through citizenship upon the women of their State. The saluting is still going on; it has brought us together to-day with increased self-respect to make glad because a sixth star has been added to the group of States, which place the idea of citizenship upon the basis of soul and not of sex.

Last week when the first flash of the wires announced defeat to the suffrage movement in California, our spirits fell so low, that when later news of *victory did come,* the spirits of all ininterested in higher freedom rose in proportion to the first depression, so that we can but mix more joy to-day in our greetings and resolves.

Some of the press comments pronouncing the gift of citizenship upon a body of sane, intelligent women as "revolutionary" remind us of a story told by Mr. Lincoln during the darkest days of the Civil War. A company of bank presidents visited Mr. Lincoln and when the business was finished, one of them asked the president if he still had confidence in the permanency of the Union. Mr. Lincoln said, "When I was a young man in Illinois, I boarded for a time with a deacon of the Presbyterian Church. One night I was roused by a rap at the door and I heard the deacon's voice exclaiming: 'Arise, Abraham! the day of judgment has come!' I sprang from my bed and rushed to the window, and saw the stars falling in great showers; but looking back of them in the heavens, I saw the good old constellations, with which I was so well acquainted, fixed in their true places. Gentlemen, the world did not come to an end then. (Nor will the Union now.)"

I am asked to speak of the California women as I saw them this last Summer. Whenever I think of them the word "superb" comes up again and again. This word applies to them physically in regard to their sound bodies and good looks; it applies to them intellectually in their quick wits, their ability to see a point and grasp a situation; it applies to them spiritually in their ready sympathy and *refined* manner—taken *all in all* they were the most alive women I have met. Their hospitality during the American Medical Association at San Francisco was untiring and their resources for entertaining exhaustless. They were equally able whether at social functions, reading papers, speaking, responding to toasts, or presiding on the platform. In San Francisco, particularly, suffrage talk was in the air and on the tongue, and visitors remarked at the emancipated atmosphere of the women. When asked where the opposing faction was, the answer came—"We are all, all suffragists."

The educational convention at San Francisco was called a woman's convention because it was the first time in the history of the great national association of teachers when a woman had been president and the women of California and over the country rallied to the support of Mrs. Young in loyal enthusiasm. Here let it be said that Mrs. Young, although a suffragist, was very adroit in keeping suffrage out of the convention, more than to allude to it at her first introduction to the association proper, in the open air, Greek theatre at Berkeley, when she appeared under the open sky before an audience of twelve thousand people, and quietly remarked while praising the beautiful structure, that women had heretofore been wont to sit in the galleries, and she now felt honored to be presiding on the platform. There were during the convention three suffrage headquarters in San Francisco presided over by charming hostesses who welcomed the visitors, served tea, and distributed literature. One of these groups formed the College Women's League, which has done much in articulating education with suffrage as a world-wide question in the way of awarding prizes in the graded and high schools for the best essays on suffrage. One woman at this centre said to me, "What is the end of a woman's education if not for moral efficiency and the desire to assume the responsibilities of life? Women can be butterflies by knowing how to powder and to poise—it does not take education for that." Teachers in the high schools and the graded schools and in junior circles of collegiate alumnae were all actively at work in a way that was really training them for citizenship. One high school teacher whom I met had given a thousand dollars to the movement. A working woman said, upon being asked the best argument she knew for suffrage: "I want to have a say in determining the conditions under which I work, and I want a square deal all around." There was also a great number of women drawn by the great occasion to say a word and forward the cause. Another said to me:

"The women of this nation wish the government to see that it can never come to its own in the development of a higher sense of freedom, in a deeper national civic conscience, and in the administration of a fairer justice based upon the rights of all, until *every* one who helps to bear the responsibilities of the government can take part in the government." She said further: "The women in this country appreciate the problems of democracy; they know that the beginnings have scarcely been made in these States; that the material exists for the fulfilment of the immaterial,

(For what avail the plough or sail,
Or land or life, if freedom fail?)

They know that we are to have an education based upon democratic ideals and not necessarily based upon the models of classic antiquity or mediaeval feudalism. America is to have an art that expresses her own genius. The epics of her two wars for freedom are yet to be sung. We are to have better homes and nobler ideals of womanhood and manhood; ideals that can *never* be realized so long as the mothers of men are deemed unworthy of citizenship.

These are some of the echoes of the sentiments expressed by California women, and one can readily see that the suffrage campaign there has been of great educative value to them; they have learned how to obey leaders, to subordinate self to a cause, to study issues, to meet arguments, to speak readily, to have charity towards opposing views, and we may rest assured that when formal rejoicings are over, they will begin at once to devise plans for meeting a voter's responsibilities in the most helpful way.

The men of California from every rank and walk of life came grandly to the forefront in helping the cause of suffrage. It was a new experience to have a school superintendent pin a button "Votes for Women" on my sleeve and that of my friend at the great banquet given to Ella Flagg Young. One man said: "This campaign is for the emancipation of man, as well as woman, to free him from timeworn prejudices and narrowness; to show him the evolution of true government based on the rights of *all;* to teach him the humanities." What final word shall be said in honor of these men for their service? The word "knightly" is inadequate, for what crusader or knight of the middle ages can compare with a peaceful citizen of to-day, who goes forth to his daily task armed with the weapons of intelligence and a sense of civil justice to raise the standards of public opinion in the life about him? The men of California who have enlarged the meaning of the word citizenship, have uplifted public opinion and the highest tribute that can be paid them is to pronounce them capable of justice.

Forever may the colossal statue of a woman, called "Mother of Exile," stand in New York Harbor at the open door of the New World and hold forth her torch of welcome to the homeless and poor of other lands.

But as long as California shores are guarded by the snow-capped peaks, washed by the waves of the Pacific and look toward the old home in Asia, may there be no need of a statue at the Golden Gate; for the torch of Justice has already been lighted there and put into the hands of living women who will carry it forth throughout their land till the poorest hamlet within their bounds has also been lighted by the divine fire.

Women of Indiana, let this rejoicing over the extension of freedom through citizenship in California give you courage to bide your time, which though it be long, will surely come, for "Justice is not postponed" (even in Indiana).

The word of the Lord that came at night to the Pilgrims as they sat by the sea-side, comes also to you:

"My will fulfilled shall be,
For in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark."

PROPAGANDA AT THE HARLEM OPERA HOUSE.

A SERIES of suffrage talks illustrated by A lantern slides will commence at the Harlem Opera House on November 27. Mrs. Gertrude Murdock Duncan and Miss Marion Burritt have agreed to undertake this work. The following times and places have already been agreed upon.

Harlem Opera House.

November 27—11 to 2, 5 to 8.
" 28—11 to 2, 5 to 8.
" 29—11 to 2, 5 to 8.

Union Square.

December 4—11 to 2, 5 to 8.
" 5—11 to 2, 5 to 8.
" 6—11 to 2, 5 to 8.

Jersey City.

December 11—11 to 2, 5 to 8.
" 12—11 to 2, 5 to 8.
" 13—11 to 2, 5 to 8.

MRS. CHAPMAN CATT IN AFRICA.

Most enthusiastic reports come to us of the work being accomplished for suffrage in Africa. Mrs. Catt herself writes that she is able to get hold of the people as never before in her life and the movement has become exceedingly popular. Quite in contrast to our experiences, she writes that in every town the regular order is for the mayor to give a reception, the ministers and public officials to come to meetings, give dinners and set aside autos for her use. The audiences are uniformly large and the people very receptive to the idea of woman's enfranchisement.

THE LAWYER AND THE WOMAN.

Speaking generally, the lawyer is conservative. Precedents constitute his stock in trade. When he encounters a new idea which involves some change in that legal chaos which he calls a system, he is shocked and emits a cloud of "legal reasoning" which obscures the issue by begging its foundation—the possibility of innovation. In this the average lawyer is not unlike the cuttle fish in the aquarium who is shocked by electricity, and darkens the water around him by a copious supply of ink. The ordinary conservative person is simply conservative because he is. The conservative lawyer is made of the same stuff, only he adds sophistry to his prejudice, and is thus able to make his own views more satisfactory to himself and apparently more weighty to those who do not understand legal refinements.

It is against the sophistication of the lawyer that woman has been compelled to wage war all during the nineteenth century. She has been fighting for the possession of her own person against a system of legal slavery which originated in the days when brute force was the chief factor that determined the rights of persons. Indeed, the history of woman in the nineteenth century has been largely a contest for the recognition of her independent existence as a human being. The fight for the ballot is simply one phase of this long warfare of woman for an independent legal position. She has been "breaking into the human race"—to use the facetious phrase of Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr—by shattering the legal prejudices which had so long denied to her the right to be a person.

When a complacent lawyer like Elihu Root today informs woman that she is disfranchised by the divine dispensation which distributes functions and duties in this world, he is the mere intellectual child of the old lawyers like Blackstone, who informed woman that the rules of law which snuffed out her legal existence and authorized her husband to chastise her for misbehavior were devised because "so great a favorite is the female sex of the laws of England."

Lest the gentle reader should think this an exaggeration, he will do well to read the fifteenth chapter of the first book of Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England which, read aright, is more interesting than any romance. The woman who knows nothing about the legal bondage from which she has been disentangled by the work of courageous men and women, fighting that most formidable of all giants, sanctified prejudice, has a veritable Alice in Wonderland awaiting her if she will only take the trouble to look into the old law books*

Blackstone, in his wonderful fifteenth chapter, deals with the position of the married woman. This chapter was written first in 1765. It accurately describes the laws of England and for that matter the law of America substantially as it stood at the opening of the nineteenth century, long after the Declaration of Independence.

"By marriage, the husband and wife are one person in law; that is, the very being or legal existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage, or at least is incorporated and consolidated into that of the husband, under whose wing, protection, and cover, she performs everything; and is therefore called in our law-french a feme-covert, foemina vira co-operta; and is said to be covert-baron, or under the protection and influence of her husband, her baron, or lord; and her condition during her marriage is called her coverture. Upon this principle, of an union of person in husband and wife, depend almost all the legal rights, duties, and disabilities, that either of them acquire by the marriage. I speak not at present of the rights of property, but of such as are merely personal. For this reason, a man cannot grant anything to his wife, or enter into any covenant with her: for the grant would be to suppose her separate existence; and to covenant with her would be only to covenant with himself: and therefore it is also generally true, that all compacts made between husband and wife, when single, are voided by the intermarriage. A woman indeed may be attorney for her husband; for that implies no separation from, but is rather a representation of her lord. And a husband may also bequeath anything to his wife by will; for that cannot take effect till the coverture is determined by his death. The husband is bound to provide his wife with necessaries by law, as much as himself; and if she contracts debts for them, he is obliged to pay them; but, for anything besides necessaries, he is not chargeable.

These are the chief legal effects of marriage during the coverture; upon which we may observe, that even the disabilities, which the wife lies under, are for the most part intended for her protection and benefit. "So great a favorite is the female sex of the laws of England."

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* Our readers will note that most of our legislators are lawyers.

From the "SWORD AND THE SPIRIT."

By Izrael Zangwill.

NO, my dear Old Fogeys, if you really wish to go back to the old ideal, then make a counter-revolution, like the Old Turks. Take women away from the coal-pit and the factory; dissolve their trade unions; send them back to their little ones; dismiss them from the post-offices and the shops; banish them from their municipal positions, from your county councils and borough councils and parish councils and Royal Commissions, from your school boards, your boards of guardians, and your education committees; drive them out of Girton and Newnham; forbid them to work in your hospitals and to exhibit in your picture galleries; expel them from your Navy Leagues and your Primrose Leagues, your National Service Leagues and your Liberal Federations and your Tariff Reform Leagues; stop them from canvassing at your elections; put back the movement of evolution and the march of civilization, and then you may begin to talk of woman's place being the home. But if you will not, or cannot, do this, then neither can you deny our noble professional women the dignity of a vote, nor our sweated factory women its protection. The Suffrage is not the begetter and forerunner of an impending revolution, but the seal and consecration of a revolution that has already succeeded.

And what is this vote that carries with it so much danger? What is this politics whose touch is so pestiferous? Woman, turning from the foolish fashion papers, is to study real questions; she is to be lured from the clubs where she plays bridge to the stimulating atmosphere of public meetings, from the school for scandal to the school for study. Our absurd party system makes politics sound like the prize ring. In reality, politics has more to do with the nursery. A woman studying politics—studying, that is, the best measures for the health of the State—is only attending, in a larger spirit, to her home and her children.

Cynics and preachers agree that women are unbalanced and hysterical, fond of luxury and finery, swayed by persons instead of by principles, yet we refuse them the one thing that may rationalize and spiritualize them. A modern Greek poet recently sent me his poems (fortunately there was a French translation). They were all about woman—woman the monstrous, voluptuous, fitful, inconsequent, Satanic sphinx, at once man's delight and his destruction. I told him that was not how women appeared to us in England, and he replied that he had noticed it himself with surprise. These queer Cleopatras are, in fact, a morbid product of the hothouse theory of womanhood. The cure for them is fresh air and Female Suffrage.

THE Sunday *Times,* just after the election, printed an account of the circulation, by politicians, of a leaflet declaring that the woman suffragist is the Destroyer of the Home and the sacred ties of marriage, and making a personal attack on certain women suffragists who are divorced. Obviously, unless there be no happily married suffragists and no divorced anti-suffragists, such references are not convincing as an argument.

It is not my intention to discuss Woman Suffrage but simply to point out certain popular superstitions which have arisen and which, like most popular superstitions, are characterized mainly by a ruthless disregard of *all* known facts. Many people are haunted by the idea that the women suffragists always smoke, whereas in fact, it is the women of the Latin races, of the Harem and of the Tenderloin who smoke, and these women are almost invariably *anti*-suffragists. The New York clubman whose favorite *bon mot* is to ridicule marriage and whose life and mental attitude are antagonistic to domesticity, is almost invariably an anti-suffragist.

That class of women who for euphony, I shall call the "Other Woman" and whose only business in life is destructive, she, also, is almost invariably an anti-suffragist and "indirect" influence is her stock in trade.

On one occasion, when a clever woman was greeted by the cry "Women suffragists don't want to raise babies; they want to raise Hell," she replied, "That is not quite correctly expressed. "Woman suffragists want to raise babies, but not *in* Hell."

And so, gentle reader, when you hear of a woman suffering from that grief and disappointment which is the greatest sorrow a woman can bear, when you see her bravely struggling to help her sisters to help themselves, beware of inexactitude of terminology—the woman suffragist might be the *result,* but not the *cause,* of matrimonial infelicity.

A. R. W.

The Woman Voter

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF AND PUBLISHED BY

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE PARTY

A Union for political work of existing Equal Suffrage organizations in the City of New York

Mrs. MARY R. BEARD, Editor

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THE first week in November, two distinguished Roumanian women, Princess Ghika and Princess Zoe Naurocadato, arrived in New York. Their first public utterance was a declaration that they preferred babies to ballots; and further interviews drew from them the time-honored statement that the right women are too busy and too happy caring for their babies to be interested in suffrage. The older of the two women who so emphatically asserted that a mother should have no thought beyond her own infants has left her three children behind to come to America on a big game hunt. On her return from the chase she will spend some time in New York without allowing anxiety about her absent babies to disturb her enjoyment of the many festivities planned for her. This type of woman is quite common. Women often leave their children for a season to come to New York to enjoy its music, its art, and its drama, and then utter cant phrases about how the home should come first in woman's interest. Suffragists are the only women who really care for babies—their own and other women's. They alone are really asking that babyhood and maternity be properly idealized; that the poor mother be given a chance to take good care of her babies by exercising a voice in industrial regulations; and that well-to-do women be given the power to stand by the tenement mothers in their fight for the means of life for themselves and their children. Of all selfish beings in the world the so-called "motherly" woman who ignores the real basis of modern motherhood is the most insufferable.

Political theories are undergoing such drastic changes in the United States these days that suffragists, even in the midst of their hard struggle for a woman's voice in the government, cannot afford to ignore the public currents of the hour. For example, the institution of the Supreme Court, considered so basic by the framers of the Constitution, is being weighed in the balance, and the reduction of its power is being ably discussed. The initiative and referendum, which now exist in some form in all progressive states, are about to be reviewed by the court which has it within its power to set aside the deliberate will of millions of people expressed at the polls. Thus the whole theory of our government may need revising to bring it into harmony with modern notions of democracy, which is at bottom an ideal that has grown from decade to decade with the growth of human needs and intelligence in meeting them. The election returns for the country reveal an astounding growth in the number to hold to the socialist theory of government. California is profoundly stirred by socialist philosophy, Ohio cities are being captured by it, and in New York the socialists are represented for the first time in the Assembly. Our women must therefore, give some time to the study of these questions. We are glad to see that some suffrage clubs have already turned to the study of the wider political questions of the hour. Beginning with January, we shall print in "The Woman Voter" a series of articles on political problems. Mr. Frederic Howe will discuss the single-tax in that issue and explain the proposals offered by Mr. Lloyd-George in that connection. Let us make our position clear. This is an attempt to educate ourselves without abating one atom of our suffrage activity. It is a partial preparation for the time so soon to come when we too must express our political views at the polls and take an enlightened position on public questions. Our struggle now is to break down traditional and conventional prejudices among the people who have no other basis for objection to woman suffrage. Let us, in turn, have open minds to new thoughts and new ideals presented by others, and if we assume an attitude of opposition to them be sure that ours is a reasoning and comprehending opposition.

The Woman Suffrage Party is making good its claim to being a thoroughly democratic suffrage organization. At last "the women" are getting together for this great struggle to elevate the human race—not middle-class women only, not very rich women only, not poor women only, but "all women" in one great sisterhood, understanding its significance better day by day, broadening in intelligence and sympathy, and ever more ready to make sacrifices in individual cases for the good of all. Proof of this lies in the fact that a Wage Earners' League within the party is already born and healthy. It is to have its own free expression, its own literature, adapted to workingwomen's needs, and its own officers. Yet through the districting of its membership and a voice in district referenda its women come into democratic communication with the

party. We believe that never before have brains, sympathy, and suffering been united in this way, and we hope that this movement is but the beginning of a deep and wholesome general reconstruction of women's relations one to the other. This is not a sex war in origin or in fact, as the term is commonly understood. It is a war for civilization—in which men as well as women are interested. Verily, the world moves and the women with it.

"The Woman Voter" has reached its present position largely through volunteer work done by artist-suffragists. An attractive make-up is essential now-a-days to success—to reach the public—and our artists who are among our busiest women have generously devoted their scant leisure to help us. Mrs. May Wilson Preston will contribute illustrations for six installments of Mrs. Pearce Bailey's Portia studies, the first of which appears this month. Mrs. Preston is too well-known to need an introduction from us, but we wish to take this opportunity to thank her out loud for this great service. Miss Esther Andrews and Miss Jessie Banks have generously co-operated with us also, and we thank them also for putting their great talents in aid of the cause.

We are deeply indebted to the Assembly District Leaders for their prompt and interesting responses this month to requests for news of their work and for help in pushing subscriptions and sales for "The Woman Voter." It is an inspiration to the editor in the midst of much hard and racking labor to feel the strong support of so many workers in the field.

It is a well-known fact that the spending-woman is the support of the daily and periodical publications. Some interesting insight was given the editor the other day into the recognition of this fact by experienced journalists in controlling editorial and business policies. The suffragists in New York City spend millions a year, and if they would patronize the advertisers in "The Woman Voter" as they should, we could publish a magazine that would not take second rank in literary quality or artistic finish to any in the country. Do you think that would be worth something to the cause?

Five thousand new subscriptions before the new year! Let us add that to our list of accomplishments. Five thousand messages sent into five thousand new homes where the cause is opposed now or only weakly supported. Wouldn't that be worth while? When the Republican Party, in 1896 undertook to educate the country into the gold standard, the newspapers and periodicals were the chief instruments used. This is a hint for the party.

We have planned this number largely for college women in order to show them that education has some relation to the problems of common life.

We feel that the teachers of New York were wrong in their agreement to endorse the politicians who put through their Equal Pay bill. As a principle this policy is at fault for the reason that legislators are there to make laws in the common interest. That is their plain duty. If they do so in one case and are derelict in other ways, they deserve censure rather than praise. The men who put through the Equal Pay bill are men who oppose equal rights and many other democratic proposals. Of course, the teachers are glad for their victory and we rejoice with them, too. At the same time we do not see how the teachers who have felt their own discriminations so keenly can turn around and support whole-heartedly the men who champion still greater discriminations against women—the denial of the right to have a voice in determining such matters. This is selfish and short-sighted and we note with delight a dissension in the ranks of the teachers.

"The Woman Voter" will appear on the newsstands with this issue and we hope there will be a good rush for copies. Let every suffragist urge her friends to buy it and set them a good example herself.

The Woman Suffrage Party is officially at home from 4-6 at the new social headquarters, 120 West 81st Street, the second Wednesday of each month. Come and have a cup of tea December 13.

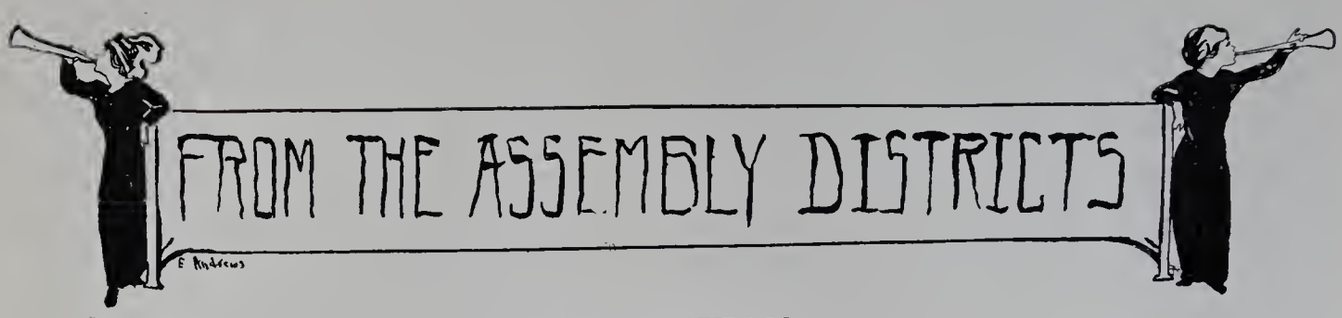
Heretofore this attractive suffrage home, which was made possible by the enthusiasm and energy of members of the 15th Assembly District, especially Mrs. Kremer, has been financed by outside capital, which made the party's position none too secure. Now, however, through the generosity of our city Chairman, Mrs. Penfield, the house is thrown open to the party free of charge. Mrs. Penfield asks that all districts wishing a place for meeting consider this as open to them, simply at the nominal sum of $1.50, which will cover lighting, service, etc. After the house has returned the capital invested, it is Mrs. Penfield's desire to have it run on a profit sharing basis for the party.

THE WAGE-EARNERS' SUFFRAGE LEAGUE.

COLLEGE WOMEN AND WORKING WOMEN STANDING TOGETHER IN CALIFORNIA

The Wage-Earners' League held its organization meeting at 212 Metropolitan Tower, on November 13, with twenty-five charter members. Great enthusiasm was manifested by the women and Publicity, Literature, Petition, and Open-Air Meeting Committees were formed. It was decided to admit members only to the regular fortnightly meetings but to hold informal meetings on alternate Monday nights, for the purpose of converting others who come to learn about suffrage, for discussing labor laws, and for training working women as speakers. The open-air meetings have been started at Spring and Macdougal streets, near the Butterick establishment.

COLLEGE WOMAN AND WORKING WOMAN PULLING TOGETHER IN THE RECENT "SHIRT WAIST" STRIKE IN NEW YORK



MANHATTAN

HERETOFORE leaders have been a bit negligent with regard to sending in the data about district activities. For this December number, however, there came such a shower of letters about meetings, new headquarters, prominent acquisitions among men and women, and future plans that we should have to devote six pages of the magazine to this story if we put in all the news. As that is out of the question, and it is obviously unfair to discriminate among the districts, we shall have to summarize the material hoping that none of the inspiration will be lost thereby.

There are several names that stand out conspicuously as of women who have achieved things in the past month and, on the other hand, as one leader states it:

Under the watchword that no chain is stronger than its weakest link, each captain has gone to work with a will to strengthen her election district and it is hoped that by sending out workers for new enrollments and by canvassing among those already enrolled for new workers and for subscriptions to "The Woman Voter," the weakest districts, through a friendly rivalry, will soon take their places beside the strongest.

Open air meetings have continued all through Noveniber and Miss Freeman, Miss Rankin, Miss Swinnerton, Mrs. Kremer and Miss Klatschken have done valiant service in educating the people of the street.

In the 1st, 2nd, 4th, and 8th Assembly Districts there are some splendid captains and workers who, in a quiet way, are making their faith in woman suffrage felt throughout the shops and the homes and even in the political life of the district.

In the 3rd, remarkable talent has been found among some of the younger women, who besides being wage-earning women, are in many cases profound students of social conditions. We find that many of these already over-burdened girls hesitate to take the Leadership, but we hope by next month to report its acceptance by one of them. In the meantime some street meetings have been held, new enrollments gained and all possible workers are being stimulated to further activity.

The 11th Assembly District announces a meeting for December 1st, at 8 P. M., at Hartley House, 413 West 46th Street.

The 12th had a very successful meeting at the Friends' Seminary, October 3rd. The success of the meeting is the more pleasing in that the club lacks several months of being a year old and is working in a district where extremes meet. The 12th Assembly District comprises the one time aristocratic section of Stuyvesant Square and its environs, where still many of the descendants of some of New York's most famous families live, and yet where are also many in the humbler walks of life. Working Girls' Homes are in the locality, and some fifteen or more hospitals and dispensaries. It is the desire of the club to make a special effort to reach the girls in these homes and the nurses in these hospitals, whose influence should be farther spreading than merely the 12th Assembly District, and Miss Freeman's address and the consequent inspiration and enthusiasm gave a distinct impetus to the work in this direction.

The district will hold another meeting on December 4th, at the Friend's Seminary, 16th Street and Stuyvesant Square.

In the 13th Assembly District a great deal of work has been done recently. Miss Quesada did some excellent canvassing before the convention. Since that time Miss Jeannette Rankin has been working in the district in a systematic manner. A clubroom has been opened up as a centre for the district life and the first meeting will be held November 27th, to arrange for the regular meetings to be held the second Monday in each month.

The 15th is rejoicing that its Club House is now on a secure basis. Further details of this support are given among the editorial notes. There are no women in the movement who respond more readily to emergency calls than Mrs. Kremer and Miss Klatschken, of this district, and we are glad that the fine work begun in their own district is to be placed upon a permanent footing.

The 17th has sent out a very unique and interesting appeal throughout the district from which returns must inevitably come.

In the 19th Assembly District, under the

chairmanship of Mrs. Woolston and the able assistance of Miss Elizabeth Kones and Mrs. Ethel McClintock Adamson, the Captains Aid Committee is arranging a series of parlor meetings to be held in turn in each election district, thereby to arouse the neighborhood spirit and to attract those at one's immediate door to investigate the suffrage cause.

The 20th Assembly District held its first meeting for the season on October 11th. As this was one of the latest districts to be organized, it is encouraging to learn that another meeting is to be held very soon and that Mrs. Buchhold has taken hold of the work with much enthusiasm.

The 21st has voted for a euchre party to increase the funds, and it is to be held at the residence of Miss Jennie Burningham, 202 West 138th Street, Friday, December 8th. A Dance will be given on January 5th, 1912, at the home of Mrs. G. S. Mulliner, 640 Riverside Drive. Euchre tickets at $1.00, can be had by application to Mrs. Plimpton.

Miss Elizabeth Freeman will be the speaker at the next meeting, on Thursday, December 7th, at 8 P. M., at the residence of Mrs. Gardner Hirons, 131 West 136th Street.

Mrs. John Bolles, of the 23rd, with the aid of Mrs. Montague Glass, arranged a very successful meeting on Saturday, the 18th of November, at Halidon Court, at Broadway and 153rd Street, in its Recreation Hall.

A meeting at the Republican Club of the 25th Assembly District, conducted by Mrs. Howe, was held November 11. A number of the politicians were present. Among others was Mr. Stoddard, the new Assemblyman, who had given us only a half-way pledge with his expression of sympathy and good will, but not the promise that we feel that we should legitimately demand of the men who will represent us in Albany. One of the features of the evening was a discussion of Mr. Stoddard and his attitude on the passing of a resolution calling upon him to endorse the Woman Suffrage Amendment. This was getting rather personal undoubtedly, but a feeling of most perfect good will prevailed throughout the meeting. Near the close, Mr. Stoddard came out strongly for suffrage.

The 25th Assembly District is able to report all 27 captaincies filled and no dead timber among them. A canvasser is engaged and at work.

On November 10th, a reception in honor of Mrs. Penfield was held at the attractive home of Mrs. Elwyn Barron, 107 Waverly Place.

On November 11th a crowded and enthusiastic meeting was held at the Madison Square Republican Club. The speakers were Mr. Frederic Howe, Miss Jeannette Rankin, Mrs. Forbes Robertson Hale and Mr. Gilbert E. Roe. Mr. Roe made a remarkable speech. In the opinion of many present it was the best suffrage talk ever heard by a man.

On the afternoon of December 6th a reception to Mrs. Laidlaw will be held at the home of

(*Manhattan continued on page 33*)

BRONX.

35th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT.

The first monthly meeting of the 35th Assembly District was held Monday evening, November 6th, at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Swan, District Leader. A full and open discussion of the coming winter's plans was entered into enthusiastically by all the captains present. Several new captains volunteered to take charge of the unmanned election districts. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, it was decided to hold another meeting on the evening of November 10th, for a continuance of discussing plans by a larger number of captains.

The District Leader and captains are also planning to raise funds to carry on the winter's work. Definite dates for mass meetings have not yet been arranged for.

On Saturday, November 25th, a Euchre Party will be held at 2387 Grand Avenue, from 2 to 5 P. M. The tickets are fifty cents; refreshments will be served and prizes awarded. The proceeds will be used in carrying on the district work.

QUEENS.

4th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT.

The 4th Assembly District of Queens has three district suffrage clubs. The Woman Suffrage Club of Jamaica, the Equal Franchise Society of Flushing and the Suffrage Club of Bayside. These clubs hold monthly meetings. The next meeting of the Jamaica Club will be a Thimble Party on December 6th. We meet in the different election districts and try to get the women who are not yet suffragists, to attend. They bring their sewing, listen to the reading of some suffrage article for an hour (and by the way, suggestions as to articles for these readings would be very welcome) and then discuss the article read and give their personal objections to equal suffrage, which we try to overcome. We make a few converts at every meeting.

The Flushing Club meets on the first Thursday of each month. It is a much larger organization than the one in Jamaica, holds its meetings in the League building and generally has one or two public speakers.

THE CHRISTMAS LETTER OF A CERTAIN PARTY.

Room 212, Metropolitan Tower

Dear Santa Claus:

I need so much I don't know where to begin. I must have a table for my office (about two to three feet square—any old wood). I'd like more tea cups and another waste paper basket and an electric heater. Most of all I want a house, or the means of getting a house, for my offices and parties. I'm getting much too big for my quarters and I feel so cramped. Please let me expand and grow. I need money to go on with my life. Do what you can for me. Every little helps.

Lovingly,
WOMAN SUFFRAGE PARTY.

THE way in which men regard suffrage merely as a matter of convenience to themselves is well illustrated by the recent vote in Los Angeles. The vote there went far below all expectations as the city was known to have a splendid showing of persons who accepted the principle of equal suffrage. The trouble was that the business men were afraid the women sympathized with the McNamaras and would vote for the Socialist candidate for mayor if they were enfranchised.

Advocates of woman suffrage in Mississippi will this year present in their Legislature a bill asking for the submission of a constitutional amendment granting full suffrage to women.

PLATFORM OF THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE PARTY.

(*Continued from page 14*)

9. We repeat our plea for the appointment of women as judges and magistrates in the courts in order that the interests of women and children may be better safe-guarded.

10. We express our deepest appreciation of what our English sisters have done for the woman's movement the world over and urge our own women to exhibit equal self-sacrifice and loyalty as occasions may arise.

11. We call upon New York to follow the example of Wisconsin, Kansas and the other States where a referendum has been submitted to the people on the question of equal suffrage.

Mr. McElligot told our women that he represents the people, but that women are not people.

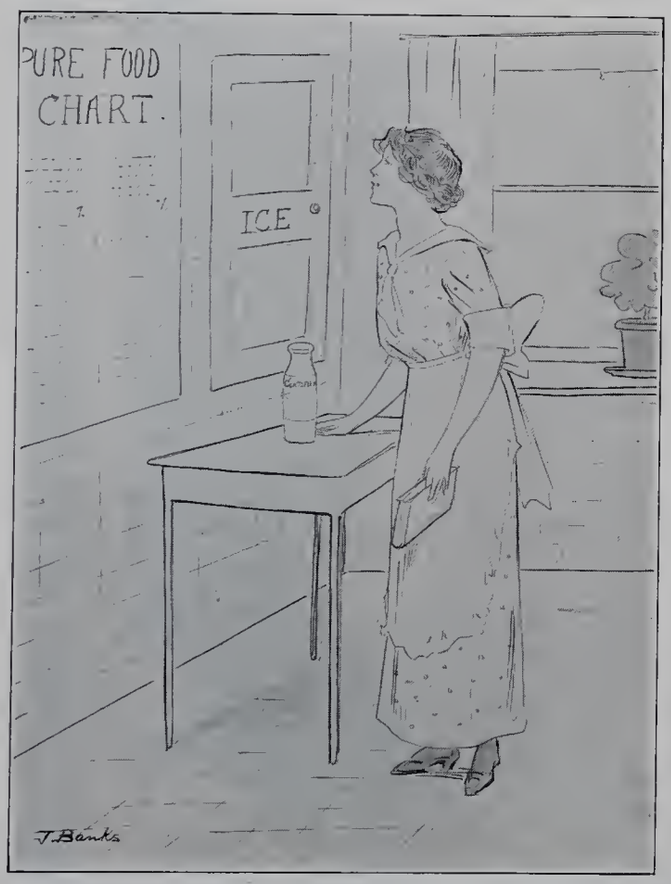
Mr. Foley told our women that he recognizes that Woman Suffrage is a world movement and will come, but he has opposed it for five years and will continue to do so because he just doesn't want women to vote.

In spite of the attitude of men like these, we had a majority of all nominees pledged to stand for suffrage, if elected, and we are glad to report that we have a majority of the elected men with us.

BROADWAY THEATRE MEETING.

On Sunday evening, December 3rd, in the Broadway Theatre, the Woman Suffrage Party will hold a suffrage mass meeting. The topic for the evening is the "Conservation of Religious Forces," especially as they relate to the introduction of women into the electorate. The speakers will be the Reverend Percy Grant, Dr. James Ecob, and Rev. Marie Jenney Howe. An invitation has also been extended to the new mayor of Schenectady, who was formerly a clergyman.

One indication of the healthy suffrage sentiment within the Party organization in Manhattan, is that at the great convention at Carnegie Hall there were not less than five delegates from every one of the thirty districts in that borough. In most cases, of course, the full delegation of eighteen turned out gallantly. Out of a possible 540 delegates which the borough could have had, if there had been full eighteen from every Assembly District, there were actually 402. Think what that means potentially for the work of the coming year. In every part and section of this great cosmopolitan borough in every *political unit* there is a group of women who came way from the convention concentrated and pledged to further effort.



WHO SAID "DOMESTIC SCIENCE?"

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE ADVENTURES OF FIFE—II.

By Edith Bailey

FIFI and Mademoiselle found themselves sitting in the middle of a broad, white road. Naughty Pedro, the pony, had run away and dumped them out and Nurse had run after Pedro.

Mademoiselle lay sprawled out with her hat pulled over one eye. She looked as if she were saying bad words under her breath.

"Now, Mademoiselle," laughed Fifi, "it is only an adventure. I love adventures!" She jumped up, dusted herself off, and then, because the French lady was so obstinate, shook and slapped her till the doll's eyes rattled in her head.

Just then the Ragged Boy came down the road. He was whistling and swinging a tin pail. "Hello," he called, "wot's up?"

Fifi told him. "We are not a bit hurt," she said, "but Mademoiselle is as cross as two sticks about it."

"Wal," said the boy, "no use standin' in the road all day. Better come berryin'."

"Is berryin' fun?"

"You bet," nodded the Boy; "you git five cents a quart."

"I don't care about money," Fifi sniffed. "I have always had such a lot."

"I ain't," said the Boy.

"You must not say 'ain't,'" frowned Fifi. "It is bad grammar."

"Are yer comin'?" asked the Boy.

"Of course, but I won't bring Mademoiselle."

"Ain't, isn't it a blessing she can't talk?" winked the Boy.

"She can a little," sighed Fifi, looking back at the French doll whose black eyes seemed following them like angry hornets.

The Boy led Fifi "over hill, over dale, through bush, through briar" and finally into a shiny black bog, where she lost both little pink slippers. "What fun to go barefoot," laughed Fifi. Her feet were scratched and bleeding, but she did not

mind that; she did not mind that her arms and hands were crimson with berry juice, that her lace dress was in tatters, and that a bramble, tearing off her hair ribbon, let her hair, all out of curl, hang down before her eyes. She just wanted to fill her beribboned hat with berries before the Boy's pail was full.

The Boy had said to her, "I guess you will soon git tired and quit."

Fifi wanted to show him that girls were as good as boys and just as quick at berrying. So she picked and picked although her arms were very tired and her back had a queer ache and little drops of moisture gathered on her forehead and then ran in smudges down her cheeks.

"My hat is full," she panted joyfully. "My hat is just as full as it can hold."

The Boy paused, frowning. "Gee," he said, "that's right." He added, because he wanted to be just with Fifi even if she were only a girl: "Your hat holds more than my pail."

A pillar of dust rolled down the road and out of it, like the moon shaking clear of a cloud, glittered a big green automobile. Within this sat Fifi's father and mother and Mademoiselle. The mother stared at Fifi but never knew in the ragged, dirty, little girl her own dainty, doll, child. "Let us ask these beggar children if they have seen our darling," she began.

"Mamma!" shrieked Fifi. "See all the berries I have picked."

But Fifi's mamma would not look. She scolded and tears of anger shone in her lovely blue eyes. "Don't touch me," she said. "You will soil my dress, you dirty child. Mademoiselle is my little girl, now." And she cuddled the French doll, who looked out of the window pretending she did not know Fifi and would not speak to her if she did.

But Fifi's father only laughed. He held her on his lap all the way home and Fifi whispered in his ear the afternoon's adventure. "You enjoyed yourself, anyhow, didn't you, pet?" said her father.

"Oh, daddy, I never had such a good time in my life," Fifi murmured, but too low for mamma and Mademoiselle to hear.

That night when a very tired Fifi was going to bed, she told Nurse: "Put away Mademoiselle. I am tired of playing with dolls. I like to go berrying better."

(*To be continued*)

Mrs. Van der Duzen, to Anti-Suffragists: "Ladies, politics are far too grimy for us. No woman can touch them without hopelessly degrading herself."

Mrs. Van der Duzen, at her "pet" charity: "Little boys and girls! Ours is a glorious government. You must love the flag, and always be patriotic."

A FRANCHISE DEAL.

(*Continued from page 10*)

Mrs. Conover sized up the situation quietly, incredulous, yet concerned in spite of herself.

"Why hasn't he fired you before? I've been to more'n one meeting lately."

"He's just beginning to get wind of your goin's on. Of course everybody goes to the meetings—that ain't so bad, but the procession's different. The Consoomers' Gas and Electric won't stand for it. They expect us to keep all our folks in line."

"'Course they'd back the City Hall gang—they want to be allowed to keep on stealing from the people! Well, they ain't going to bully *me* into voting their dirty ticket," announced Mrs. Conover decidedly. "It's bad enough if they've scared you into it. Besides, I ain't so sure they'd fire you. Mrs. Shelby says it's the way with these big corporations to do all sorts of threatening and bluffing just before election."

This final touch of skepticism left Conover in a white rage.

"Looky here, I won't take none of your nonsense! I reckon I'm master here, and I ain't going to let any tomfoolery of yours lose me my job——"

"Your job!" She retreated before him quivering. "Is that all that matters? Let me tell you, Tim Conover, that for two cents I'd quit *my* job! I've been a good wife to you, and Lord knows I've stood a lot from you. But if you talk to me like that again," she walked with dignity to the outer door and flung it open, "I'll beat it out of that door quick as a wink and no whistling me back!"

Beaten at his last stand, he slowly wilted, overwhelmed by a sudden understanding of the change that had taken place in her.

"I didn't mean no harm," he muttered. "You take me up too quick. Honest, Annis, I didn't cook up that story. Peters told me to-day that the boss kinda had his eye on me, for fear I wouldn't stand pat, all 'cause of you. What's come over you? P'raps you'd like to see me fired, out of spite!"

"Spite nothing!" she returned, shrewdly measuring the appeal in his voice. "I just can't see why I should do *all* the giving up, that's all."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Why, when you're putting Danny out to work, so you can have more time and money to spend at Fahey's, you're having a good time all right, but you ain't doing what's best for me and the children. When I'm marching in that procession, I'm having a fine time, but according to you, I ain't doing what's best for us all. Now why shouldn't I do as I please, same as you?"

He mopped his brow in a kind of daze.

"I see what ails you, Annis, and I reckon you're right about Danny. Now see here, if you'll give up this marching business, I'll see that the kid quits the L. R. T. at once and goes back to school."

"There's no use asking me to vote for that City Hall gang——"

"You needn't vote at all this election, then there'll be no kick coming. If you'll do it, I'll cut out Fahey's!" he cried desperately. "That's straight goods, Annis. I won't go there nor any other place ever again!"

"How'm I to know you won't break your promises the day after election? Am I to give up my first vote with no more'n that to go on?"

He had not fallen too low to wince at that. "My word don't seem to count for much with you!" Chagrin mingled with resentment in his voice.

"No, it don't. D'ye blame me?"

Slowly he shook his head, his eyes falling before the accusation in hers, and a dull, shamed crimson stealing into his face.

"But there was a time when it counted," she went on softly, "before you began going to Fahey's. *Then* you cared whether the kids and me lived or died."

"I do yet!" he protested, shuffling uneasily. "You're awful hard on me, Annis! Looky here, I'll show you my word's worth something. I've said I'll cut out Fahey's for keeps, and I mean it. And I'll keep Danny in school if I have to lam him reg'lar. If you're afraid, you can keep tab on me. Ask anybody if I go to Fahey's—ask Sam Dugan. He's always there. Then, if I break my word, you can—do any old thing you like!"

Finding herself hard-pressed by the pleading in his voice, she hesitated and caught her breath sharply, and took the plunge with firm lips and steady voice.

"It's a bargain. I'll keep my part, if you keep yours."

She waited several days until Danny had returned, squelched and disconsolate to school, and she had been assured by the best evidence obtainable, that Tim no longer frequented Fahey's. Then she summoned courage to tell Mrs. Shelby of her pact, and was much amazed when that lady burst into a hearty laugh, and patted her shoulder comfortingly.

"It's all right. You're made of good stuff. Now, don't worry about your vote—it's good again next election. Besides, we're going to win without your vote, and that means good-bye to

Fahey and all his tribe. Even our friends the corporations are admitting their chances are slim."

Mrs. Shelby was right. After years of almost undisputed sway, powerfully organized and entrenched in corruption, the "City Hall gang" and its ticket went down to defeat; and the cry went broadcast over a "gang"-ridden land, "the women did it!"

To Annis Conover, it was the most wonderful campaign ever fought. The evening before election, she stood upon the curbstone and watched with shining eyes, the great cheering, torch-bearing procession file past; and in the auditorium, she sat breathless and rapt through every speech. Election day was one brief round of anxious and excited speculation, and the following day, almost one of thanksgiving, tempered by a wistful regret that her rejoicing would not be shared by Conover, and by a growing dread that the victory would anger him into breaking his promises, which, prior to election day, had been kept to the letter. It was with apprehension then, that she heard his home-coming step that evening.

"There was a fight at Fahey's last night," were his first words as he entered the kitchen. "Too much election booze. Dugan told me one man was killed and a lot of 'em cut up. Cops pinched the whole outfit including Fahey, and closed the place."

"I bet you're glad you weren't mixed up in it." She smiled shyly at him, much relieved to see that a more cheerful, wholesome air had replaced his taciturnity of the past week.

"Well, I guess! Say, Annis, the paper says there's going to be fireworks downtown to-night in honor of Larwell's election. How'd you like to go?"

The little woman straightened up suddenly and stared at him in his embarrassment, with quivering lips and filling eyes.

"Sure!" she said, still smiling.

HOME AND STATE.

(*Continued from page 5*)

Russia says to her friend the Countess Natalia, apropos of her home:

"What happiness is yours! To be able to extend toward all a helping hand; to be able to meet all needs, creating a little paradise of joy and bliss only with the heart's desire!"

Catherine was a woman, but here she does not speak as woman but as regent of the greatest kingdom on earth. She knew what every statesman knows: that the State can enforce order and procure defence; yet she was permeated with the feeling of its limitations, and its helplessness in many ways.

Where is the State in which there are no unprotected children, wherein no budding genius is crushed, but where all its young are lovingly nurtured?

Where is the State that gives to all its aged poor the protection and respect due those who are nearing the end of this life? Where is the State that punishes offenders only with the idea of correction and development? Where is the State that utilizes every talent and where the unfortunate receives as much thoughtful consideration as the most favored?

Where is the State which does not embody alien peoples it cannot care for? Where is the State which gives to all the opportunity of living their own lives, so long as they do not disturb the harmony of the whole? Where is the State wherein none of its members may go to waste in idleness, drunkenness, and in shameless living?

Perhaps you will answer that this is not the business of the State. It stands for law and order. But if such is the case, why does it meddle with all these other matters? It does so because it knows that the State which does not create happiness cannot prosper. It is essential to its welfare to be beloved by high and low. The State must be a promoter of comfort, security, education, culture, and ennobling; for to it mankind must look for the realization of their hopes.

Nor has the State been remiss in making great enough demands upon humanity itself; but thus far, for some reason, the State has been unable to enforce these demands.

There is one thing more to be considered. I have been bold enough to state that the home is woman's creation. But I did not say that she alone created it. Fortunately for her and for all of us, she has ever had the man with her. Master and mistress have sat side by side. Had the woman toiled alone she could not have solved the problem. The home would not have been in existence, either as a dream or a reality.

But in the creating of the State man has stood alone. Nothing has impelled man to take woman with him into the Hall of Justice, into the Civil Service Department, into the House of Commerce. He has forged his way alone.

Think how long he alone performed the duties of physician! He still prepares his own meals at the barracks; he coaches at the boys' school. He has taken upon himself the hardest tasks, and he has not been afraid of work.

But has he succeeded? Witness the hatred between the classes; witness the stifled cries from

beneath, all the threats and revolutions. Witness the complaints of the unemployed; witness emigration! Does all this signify that he has succeeded, or that he ever can succeed?

And, mark you! At this very moment, when governments are tottering, admirably constructed though they be; when social revolution appears at our very door—it is right here that the great Woman Invasion into man's field of labor and into the territory of the State begins.

Does this signify anything? Or, does it simply mean that women desire a better lot in life—equality, change, freedom, power?

Why does all this come just now? One must be blind not to see, deaf not to hear!

Has not something within been calling and urging: Go forth to new and difficult work! Take your place at the railway switch, sweep the street, copy at the office, sell postage stamps at the post-office, teach the elementary branches, take your place at the telephone switchboard, be a surgeon's helper; do all this subordinate work and be assured that it is not wasted!

Above all, be assured that it is necessary work! You must enter all fields; you must be on hand everywhere, if the State is ever to be beloved like the home. Be certain that your services, now so despised, shall soon be sought after. They will be in such demand that you will hardly be able to meet the wants. Be assured that we shall soon be in evidence everywhere—in uninhabited regions and in cities, with many new occupations not yet known to us, but all working toward the One Good.

Alas, we women are not perfect beings! You men are no more perfect than we are. How are we to attain that which is great and good unless we help each other?

We do not think that the work can be accomplished at once, but we do believe that it would be folly to reject our help.

We believe that the winds of God are bearing us onward, that our little masterwork, the home, was our creation with the help of man. The great masterwork, the State, shall be perfected by man when in all seriousness he takes woman as his helper.

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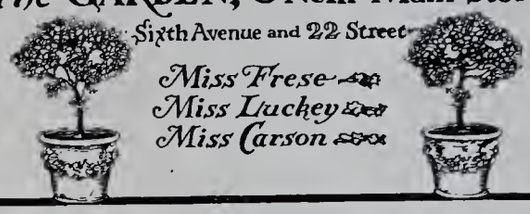

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MARY G. HAY,
Acting Treasurer.

OUR PURCHASING DEPARTMENT.

FOR the accommodation of our members and their friends, especially for those who live out of town, we have established a purchasing department. If you desire any of the various articles that are advertised in "The Woman Voter," and you have not the time to make the purchase at the stores direct, send me your order and I will attend to it.

We are very anxious that the various merchants and manufacturers who are advertising in "The Woman Voter" shall find it profitable to do so, because the more advertisers we have, the more "Woman Voters" we shall be enabled to print and thus aid the cause of Woman Suffrage. Address all communications in this department to

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(*Continued from page 24*)

Miss Maude Ingersoll, 117 East 21st Street. Every one is invited.

On the evening of November 28th a reading entitled "Man, Woman's Equal," will be given for the 25th District by Mrs. Emily Montague Bishop. The reading will be held at the Woman's University Club, 99 Madison Avenue. Admission free.

The 26th held its monthly meeting at the Emeline York-Tyndall, 58 East 102d Street, a woman's hotel in connection with Dr. H. M. Tyndall's People's Tabernacle. The district has fifty members in this hotel and the adjoining parsonage and missionaries' home.

Mrs. Weeks has opened up a headquarters in the 27th Assembly District at the Caledonian Club, 846 Seventh Avenue. They keep every Monday afternoon as club day. On that occasion Mrs. Weeks meets with the captains and workers of the district. In a number of cases the politicians of the district have visited the club.

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13th, 14th and 15th ASSEMBLY DISTRICTS.

These three districts met at the home of Mrs. Marie Tripp, 706 Leonard Street, on November 8th, and decided to organize, calling themselves the Eastern District Suffrage Club. Each district has its regular party organization, but this move is for the purpose of raising funds and binding the three neighborhoods more closely.

5th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT.

A suffrage social was held by the 5th Assembly District on November 8th, at the home of Miss Craft, 294 Stuyvesant Avenue, to celebrate the defeat of Mr. Carew. Many of the members of the district worked hard in the campaign against Mr. Carew. Experiences were exchanged.

17th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT.

The 17th is very much alive under the leadership of Miss Anna Griffiths. Well-formulated plans and efficient business methods characterize the work of this district.

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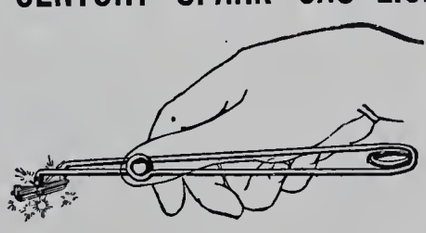
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A LETTER OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Editor of *The Woman Voter*:

ALLOW me to congratulate you upon your just and able criticism of Senator Root's speech against Woman Suffrage in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1894, for he certainly displayed to a far greater extent the cunning of a fox than the wisdom of a Solon; also your splendid and timely article on How the Vote Was Won in New York State. I want to say right here that the workingmen of to-day—in fact most all the people both high and low—have no idea but that Manhood Suffrage came in America with the Declaration of Independence and went into operation at the conclusion of the war and the establishment of our Republican government. It certainly will be a revelation to them when they know the truth, and if those two articles can be put in the hands of all the workmen of this State it will surely turn many thousands from a feeling of hostile or passive indifference into earnest advocates of Woman Suffrage and I think it is of the utmost importance that a powerful effort should be made in this direction.

I enclose one dollar to start a fund to carry out this suggestion. I am a workingman and will send more later and hope a great many more will see the importance of working in this direction and subscribe sufficient money to carry it forward to success.

It is an ill wind that blows no one any good, for you certainly could not have unearthed better material for platform purposes to reach the cause of woman suffrage in the coming campaign. . . .

Yours truly,

THOMAS CURTIS,
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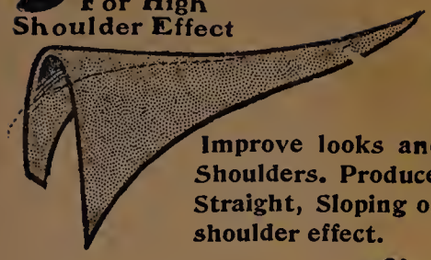

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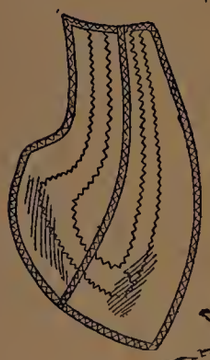

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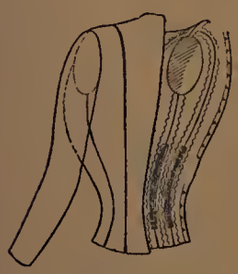

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